THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Desolate! desolate! desolate!
For companions but Want and Despair,
With a storm in my soul that is born of hate,
And a cry that is not a prayer.
Yet hear me, oh hear me, God!
Mark in pity the tears that fall;
Were the rich red drops of a Saviour's blood
Not shed for the weal of all?

Husband and children gone—
Dead on the field of strife;
And I wander the streets in my woe alone—
A childless mother—a widowed wife.
No home for my weary feet—
No spot where to lay my head;
I would I could sink to the icy street,
And the morning might find me dead!

The snow falls fast and light,
And merrily sleigh-bells ring;
There are fair young faces and glances bright,
Hark! how they laugh and sing.
They know not of want or care,
And their hearts are as light as the snow;
No wails sweep to them from the plains afar,
Where the brave and the true lie low.

Sleep, my brave boy, sleep, sleep,
Tho' no music of sweet chiming bells,
O'er the plain where they laid thee to rest,
The pulse of the night and morn swells.
And oh, may I bear through the world
A heart from all bitterness free,
Till sorrows are ended in peace,
And God reunites me with thee.

FRANK BLUNDELL'S REVELATION.

It was my last evening at Oakleigh Cottage. I had been spending a month with my friend Frank Blundell. We had met, after an interval of some years, in his country home. He and I had been near neighbors at St. Margarets, and constant companions during our last year there. Both of us were changed since then. We had experienced the realities of life which are so little known by the majority of undergraduates. We had gained wisdom enough to look back with regret upon wasted time and ill-used opportunities. We were grateful for our preservation through that part of life's journey in which we took no heed, and that our eyes had been opened to the prospect before the sun was low upon our way. We had not ceased to like all the pursuits and pleasures of the old careless days; but we enjoyed the superadded satisfaction of evil habits discarded, sound principles cultivated, and duties recognized, and, to some extent, fulfilled. My friend had married since I last saw him, and his wife was a stranger to me until this visit. I found her one of the few wives who practically recommend marriage to their husband's unmarried friends. This she did, in a great measure, by the sense of reliableness as a wife—I don't know how I can better describe it—which she conveyed. Her husband evidently had faith in her, in small matters as in great. It was plain that he trusted to her doing a thing as he would like to have it done, and that they had become one in the details of every-day experience as they were one in heart.

Assuredly, here was a very pleasant face, with its setting of beautiful hair and its rare eyes—eyes which stand the test of a heightened color—becoming neither dull, nor uncertain, nor metallic, but only warmer toned, as Nature becomes in a summer sunset. As a hostess—a position affording such opportunities of making or marring the comfort of a guest—Mrs. Frank Blundell was eminently the "right woman in the right place."

Oakleigh is in the heart of Kent, where hops, cherries, and filberts are at home, and orchard apples eatable. The cottage was delightfully placed, looking southward across a valley upon plantations of sweet chestnuts, then fast crimsoning; for it was the season, so enjoyable in the country, between the very out-doorishness of summer and the permanent adoption of fires. There was plenty of amusement—walks and drives in the charming neighborhood, and visits to the hop-gardens, where armies of hop-pickers, with their pioneers the pole-pullers, were advancing, leaving desolation in their track; a scene which no artist has fairly pictured, but which everybody ought to see. Then we had some good fishing in the Medway, far up above the coal barges.

Well, as I have said, it was my last evening at Oakleigh Cottage. We were sitting together, Blundell and I, after dinner, when he said—

"There's a fire in my room; I vote we go there till Mary is ready for tea."

So we went, and talked from our easy-chairs through a perfumed cloud. It soon became evident to me that my friend had "something on his mind."

He let his pipe out, and relighted it. Presently he put it down, and saying "Excuse me a minute," went out.

He soon came back, and on my inquiring whether anything was the matter, replied:

"Oh, no; but I have something to say to you, and as it can't be said in a few words, I thought I would tell Mary we should not want tea for an hour or so, and she need not wait for us; but she is up with baby, and says that she is in no hurry, so we will join her by-and-by."

I was rather perplexed by all this preparation, but only assured him of my readiness to listen. Then he began.

"In all our talks together about old times since you have been here," he said, "we have never touched upon a topic that was a frequent one at our sittings after Hall and Chapel. I suppose some delicacy of feeling—for I verily believe you have a little of it—has prevented your beginning the subject."

I was going to protest against this modified form of compliment, and to ask a question, when I was stopped by—

"Don't bother, that's a good fellow, or I shall never get to my story. You remember well enough, I have no doubt, how I used to talk of Mary Percival."

"Yes," I said, "and I have often wondered what it all came to. The Christian name is a 'household word' here. Was it Mary—?"

I was checked again by Blundell's look.

"You promised to listen," he growled, "and now you are cross-examining. Have a little patience, and forgive me too, if I repeat what I have already told you. Mary Percival and I were friends from infancy. Our mothers were friends before us, and my earliest recollections are associated with her and hers. When we came to be man and woman, we read and argued and were happy together, as we had played and quarrelled and 'made up' again in our childhood. The old friendship had increased, but had not changed its character; at least I can speak for myself. You remember what Tennyson says in 'Dora'—

the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

It was something like this with me. Yet I admired Mary very much, and loved her, 'after a fashion,' very dearly, and would have done or suffered almost anything to give her pleasure or to spare her pain. You have heard all this before. I don't mean to inflict any more of it on you. Now take yourself back to Cambridge for a moment, and try to recall a Trinity man named Horner—'Handsome Horner' they called him."

"I remember him perfectly," I said. "He was in the second Trinity, and rowed seven in their first boat when they 'bumped' us in the 'Long Reach.' A broad-shouldered man, with curly chestnut hair and white arms."

"Regardless of grammar I cry, 'That's him,'" was the reply. "He and I had a slight acquaintance at the University, in the last Term when we both read with Smith; and meeting in town after we took our degree, we became very good friends. Some time after this, he wrote to ask me to go and see them at his father's rectory in Surrey. I went and saw the dear old rector and Horner's mother, and, more than all, I saw his sister. Recalling her brother—fancy him a woman—refined, brightened, intensely beautified, and you can form some slight idea of Mary Horner. It is impossible for me to describe fitly the effect she produced upon me from the first. My acquaintance had included some very pretty women. I might have said of myself, if it were not conceited, *Militavi non sine gloria*; not as a flirt though, mind; but Mary Horner was a new experience. She fascinated me, and I was a gone graduate. You may be sure that I did not get any better the longer I stayed within the charmed circle. I got on famously with all the people down there, and fancied that I was not disliked by her. You know what I mean. But I could never detect anything like symptoms of—what shall I call it?—reciprocity of affection. (Don't laugh, there's relief in such a way of putting it.) On the contrary, she treated me with cordial but thoroughly self-possessed friendliness. She was not the sort of woman to encourage any lover, however acceptable, in 'ocular demonstration' and that kind of thing, and it never occurred to me to try it on; and then the exercise, and the general atmosphere of the place, were so conducive to health and spirits that the lady had no reason, on that first visit, to suspect from my appearance the condition of my heart. This was in the summer; but the following winter found me again at Shallowford Rectory. I met some pleasant people there whom I had not seen before; among others, Mr. Horner's curate, Charles Oxenden. He was a really good fellow, heartily devoted to his work, as well as an accomplished man and an agreeable companion. All this I could but acknowledge, in spite of the shadow of a consciousness that there was 'something' in the confidential relationship subsisting between him and Mary Horner. But then I consoled myself with the thought that they had a common interest in parish matters, which involved a good deal of discussion. And there was nothing in the conduct of either that I could complain of as lover-like, even if I had possessed any right to complain at all, 'which I hadn't any.' I had never 'told my love.' I am not prepared to state that on this second visit I might not have, almost involuntarily, betrayed myself; but there had never been the slightest approach to what I believe is called a 'declaration.' Our friendly intercourse had reached the stage of our calling one another by our Christian names. Her brother called me Frank habitually, as I called him Fred, (which we should probably never have done if our intimacy had not dated from our Cambridge days,) and she naturally fell, as indeed all her family did, into the same habit. Equally natural it seemed for me to call her Mary. My stay at this time was short. We were an unbroken circle at home at Christmas; and I left, with my secret undivulged, a few days before Christmas Day. But I ought to have told you that I had seen the Percivals frequently between these visits to Surrey. They were living then near London, the mother and daughter. Mrs. Percival had been a widow for some years, and I had talked to Mary a little about my admiration of the other Mary. Mary Percival was interested in the subject, and seemed often inclined to return to it. It was not a topic of conversation that I by any means objected to; but I didn't half enjoy it under the circumstances. There was something unlike herself about Mary, a certain constraint not to be concealed. It was not very noticeable; but I who knew her so well, noticed it, or rather felt it, and was uncomfortable accordingly. At the same time I was perfectly sure that my friend was sincere both in the interest she expressed, and in her manner towards me.

"IT WAS A FUNNY LETTER FOR YOU TO WRITE TO ME."

There was no affectation in Mary Percival—far from it. Looking back from a later day upon the events and feelings of that time, I was more wise to know the truth. Then I was only a selfish man who was not a coxcomb. Let me see, where was I? I told you I went home before Christmas. I was entered at the Inner Temple then; and one day, early in the new year, I was alone in my chambers, when an idea, which had been a long time simmering, boiled and bubbled into a determination. It was to write, to write, sir, to Mary Horner, and learn the worst or the best. Ah! I can jest upon it now. I wrote. The thermometer stood at twenty. There were blocks of ice in the river like horehound candy; but I let my fire out while at my absorbing task. I wrote. I have a bad habit of spoiling several sheets of paper when I write an important letter. I can show you a fac-simile of this, discarded because of the capital M's being of two varieties. There it is, read it."

This was the letter:

LONDON, Jan. 3d.

"MY DEAREST MARY,—I cannot call you by any other title and speak truly. Forgive me if the truth is distasteful to you. Forgive, too, this method of making it known. In all our happy association I have not dared—yes, that is the word—to tell you this. 'A faint heart,' you will say; but 'the bright particular star seemed so far above me.' These are calm words, dear, when my love is warm; these are cold words, when my heart is beating wildly. I would rather read my sentence, if it is to be banishment; but, oh! I would ten thousand times rather hear it, if it has one word of hope. Let me have but that word, and I will be with you. In any case, I feel that you will deal tenderly as well as truthfully with me.

"Yours, devotedly,

"FRANK."

"In that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival of what I had done. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her.

It ran thus:

"LONDON, Jan. 3d.

"I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vain for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you what I have done. I have written to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess who it is? I am not hopeful, but I am not despairing. I cannot say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sisterly regard. Yours, affectionately,

"FRANK."

When I had read this without remark, Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them, when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbor. 'Well, I never!' was his exclamation, 'are you out of coal?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I came to see if you were inclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the "Ornamental Water" yesterday: it was pretty good. They say it is capital to-day; but come and have some lunch with me before we go. You are miserable here.' I accepted the invitation, and, wishing to get rid of him, and said, 'You go and order it.' When he was gone, I directed the envelopes containing my letters, and followed him, taking them with me to post on my way to the Park. There were a great many skaters, and the ice was for the most part strong. But here and there, as is always the case except after a protracted frost, were weak places. On to one of these I skated at a rapid pace and went down, without a warning crack, into the bitterly cold water. The ice was above me when I rose, but I could hear voices near me before I sank again. I came up once more, but it was to feel a heavy blow, to be in an explosion of fireworks, and then to lose all consciousness. The clumsily-given aid was nearly being as fatal to me as the ice prison would have been. How I was carried home to my father's house, and suffered for many days from the combined effects of the plunge and the blow, I could tell you only as it was told me. I was long unconscious, and for some time after the dangerous symptoms had abated I could take no notice of what was passing around me. I was gradually recovering, however, both physically and mentally; and one morning I became aware, upon awaking from a doze, that I was not alone. Some one had come in while I slept, and was sitting by my side. A soft hand was laid on mine, and, as I looked round, a gentle, well-known voice spoke. It was Mary Percival's. 'I am so thankful, dear,' it said; 'so very thankful.' I was still weak, and cried. She stooped and kissed my forehead. 'Bless you!' she whispered, and, with an arch smile, continued, 'It was a funny letter for you to write to me. Besides, I thought,'—she paused, looking at me. Then she said, 'I must talk to you about it another day, and scold you; but thank you for it now a thousand thousand times! I came to give you my answer, and found you here. Oh, Frank! How could you be afraid of me? How could you doubt my love? But that is all past now, and I must not tire you even with my happiness. Good-by, dearest.' And she went out very quickly, the tears blinding her.

"It is a shame to speak of this; but you are my friend, and it is necessary, if you are to understand my feelings. You can imagine them. What had come to me or to her? I scarcely heeded; I made no response to her words; but this she doubtless attributed to my weakened state; and when she left me I lay looking wonderingly at the door. At last a thought struck me. I rang my bell. It was answered by my mother. I asked her if there were any letters for me. She feared I was not equal to exertion, but went to fetch them. As soon as I was alone again I searched for one. I cared for only one. I found it. You shall see it in the original."

He handed me the letter. It was written in firm, clearly-cut characters, more Greek than "Italian," and was as follows:—

"SHALLOWFORD RECTORY, Jan. 4th.

"MY DEAR FRANK,—It was so kind of you to depend upon my sympathy. Be assured you have it. I do hope you will be accepted; but of course you will, and be immensely happy. You can't think how glad I was to hear about it. Do you know, I fancied, like a vain thing, that you were just the least bit in the world what Fred would call 'spoony' upon *somebody* here. I should have been so sorry—don't be angry—for Charles and I have been engaged the last two years. We have said nothing about it, except, of course, to papa and mamma; and the same post that brought your letter brought one for him, offering him a long expected living. Now we hope to be married this year. Dear old Charley! he is so good. I shall, we all shall, be anxious to know more from you. What weather! Fred is skating. He says of us, of Charles and me and you, 'Poor things! poor things!' We don't think so, do we? I hope some day to see and love your wife. I can guess who it is. I know you like the name of *Mary*. With good wishes from all of us for the new year, believe me, your sincere friend, MARY HORNER."

Blundell was standing by me, looking over my shoulder, as I read.

"I took in the truth at once," he said, "don't you?"

"Why," I gasped, "you had reversed the directions. I saw that at a glance, when you gave me this.

"Exactly! To say that I was not confounded—shocked at first,—would be untrue. How could it be otherwise? But in the calm reflection of succeeding days (for I was left in quietness to gather strength) a feeling of satisfaction grew upon me, grateful satisfaction that I had escaped rejection—humiliation on the one hand, and the sorrow of inflicting useless pain on the other; that I had lost no friend, but had found a noble heart's great love. How I came to give my heart to Mary Percival I have no intention of describing. But I had done so before I told her everything—long before she became my wife. *Then* the letter she received but faintly expressed my love for her. We have been married four years, and each year has found us more loving, more happy. Now, old friend, you shall tell me what you think."

I only quoted Hamlet's words:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

G. R. T.

"UNTRUE, the future years are slowly creeping,
Oh, year of years! my life was in thy keeping;
And thus I stand beside thy couch with weeping!

"Loved year! lost year! thy latest breath is fleeting;
A stranger comes with slow and solemn greeting—
O speak to me once more, and bless our meeting!

"True friend, we part! tho' many men will blame thee,
And with blind hearts will thanklessly defame thee,
As God's eternal angel still, I claim thee!"

☞ The Kennebec Journal tells of an experiment for pressing shavings for kindling. They make neat packages, and can be sawed into blocks like timber. Thus pressed, a hundred bushels of shavings can be put into the space of an ordinary hogshead.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

A COMMON SCOLD.

We had supposed that being "a common scold" was not an indictable offence nowadays. But we see by the following extract from the *Daily Press*, of this city, that we were mistaken:—

"Ann Benton was arraigned, on Wednesday, before Alderman Beider, on the charge of being a common scold. It is alleged that she has been in the habit of sueing her neighbors, who reside in that classic thoroughfare known as Prosperous alley. It is further alleged that she usually made mischief in families, and then entered suit against them for abuse, and, in some instances, assault and battery. In legal pariance she is known as a 'barrator;' in the estimation of her neighbors she is regarded as a berater. The penalty for a violation of the law in this case is imprisonment for one year or a fine, or both, at the discretion of the court. The accused was bound over to answer."

If the law were able to fly high enough to strike at such game, we think certain political editors sometimes might well be indicted as common scolds. We allude to that partisan, intemperate class—belonging to all parties—who, whenever they chance to be in the opposition, regularly find fault with every plan and measure of the administration which happens to be in power. Certainly those who do this manifest all the qualities of a common scold, and do besides tenfold more injury to the community. For they move in a larger sphere, and vex whole states and nations, where a silly mischief-making woman vexes only a small neighborhood. Let such reflect a little, and hereafter keep clear from that intemperance of spirit and of denunciation which justly entitles a man or woman to be classed as a common scold.

SAVANNAH PEACE MEETING.

It appears to us that the recent peace meeting in Savannah, called by the Mayor, at the request of the aldermen and other influential citizens, is a very noticeable event. The resolutions unanimously adopted by the meeting may not have been seen by many of our readers. They were as follows:

Whereas, By the fortunes of war and the surrender of the city by the civil authorities, Savannah passes once more under the authority of the United States; and, whereas, we believe that the interests of the city will be best subserved and promoted by a full and free expression of our views in relation to our present condition, we, therefore, the people of Savannah, in full meeting assembled, do hereby resolve:

1. That we accept the position, and, in the language of the President of the United States, seek to have "peace by laying down our arms, and submitting to the national authority under the Constitution, leaving all questions which remain, to be adjusted by the peaceful means of legislation, conference and votes."

Resolved, 2. That, laying aside all differences, and burying bygones in the graves of the past, we will use our best endeavors once more to bring back the prosperity and commerce we once enjoyed.

Resolved, 3. That we do not put ourselves in the position of a conquered city asking terms of a conqueror, but we claim the immunities and privileges contained in the proclamation and message of the President of the United States, and in all the legislation of Congress in reference to a people situated as we are: and while we owe on our part a strict obedience to the laws of the United States, we ask the protection over our persons, lives and property recognized by those laws.

Resolved, 4. That we respectfully request his Excellency, the Governor, to call a convention of the people of Georgia, by any constitutional means in his power, to give them an opportunity of voting upon the question whether they wish the war between the two sections of the country to continue.

Resolved, 5. That Major-General Sherman having placed as military commander of this post, Brigadier-General Geary, who has, by his urbanity as a gentleman, and his uniform kindness to our citizens, done all in his power to protect them and their property from insult and injury, it is the unanimous desire of all present that he be allowed to remain in his present position, and that, for the reasons above stated, the thanks of the citizens are hereby tendered to him and the officers under his command.

Resolved, 6. That an official copy of these resolutions be sent to the President of the United States, the Governor of Georgia, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Geary, and to each of the Mayors of Augusta, Columbus, Macon, and Atlanta.

The Mayor, in his opening speech, said that for them, "the crisis was past."—"their action was to be determined solely by their situation, of which they themselves necessarily were the judges." Savannah contained "20,000 inhabitants who were without food, fuel, or remunerative industrial pursuits"—and "it was their duty to mitigate, as they could not avert, the terrible suffering by all the means which reason and common sense may dictate, *regardless of all abstractive views*. He had weighed the matter anxiously, and had arrived at a positive conclusion that there was but one course to pursue."

The meeting, as the resolutions show, accepted the situation. They resolved to accept the President's proffered amnesty, and call upon their fellow Georgians to do the same. We have little doubt that if the question could be put to a fair vote in Georgia, two-thirds of the people not in arms would vote in favor of a similar course.

We may add that Colonel Julian Allen has been sent north by the Mayor and Common Council of Savannah, with the consent and authority of General Sherman, to purchase for the city articles of food, to a certain amount, for distribution to the necessitous families. He will pay with a cargo of rice.

THE DRAFT.

It is the interest of every one to have all names erased from the provost-marshal's roll which should not be there—as the amount of the draft is in proportion to the number on each local roll. The following are the recognized grounds for exemption:

1. Over 45 years of age.
2. Under 20 years of age.
3. Being an alien, and never having voted.
4. Having furnished a substitute in anticipation of the draft.
5. Having been drafted and furnished a substitute.
6. Having been drafted and paid commutation.
7. Having been drafted and received a certificate of permanent physical disability.
8. Being permanently physically disqualified.
9. Having served two years in the army or navy during the present war, and been honorably discharged.

Where exemption is claimed for any of the above causes, adequate proof must be furnished of the fairness of the claim.

FOL-DE-ROL.

We find the following floating about:—

"Buckle, in his 'History of Civilization in England,' proves that the number of marriages depends, not, as has been supposed, on the attraction between the sexes, but upon the price of corn. The statistics of the matrimonial market favor this theory, and some curious student, will some day, in like manner, tell us what governs divorce."

If Buckle attempts to prove anything of the kind, he attempts a very silly thing. The number of marriages does depend upon the attraction between the sexes, and there is nothing curious in the fact that with just the same amount of desire to marry, the number of marriages should be less when everything that a family needs is scarce and dear, than when it is plentiful and cheap. This is only to say that men and women have a little wisdom and foresight as well as passion in their composition.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE STATE.—A report from the Superintendent of the Common Schools of the state shows that there are 657,785 pupils in the state schools, exclusive of Philadelphia. Length of school term, five months, seventeen days; average cost of each pupil, 58 cents per month. The total cost of the system is $2,381,172, an increase over the year previous of $97,073. This does not include the expenses of the Philadelphia Common Schools. There is a decrease of 367 male teachers, owing to the war, and an increase of 893 female teachers.

☞ The Providence Journal tells the following story about a member of Congress from the Pacific coast:—Oregon sends a fresh backwoodsman to Congress who had never seen a railroad till he came on this season. He had heard much of the tricks of sharpers, and was determined to keep his eyes open. He kept them open so wide that when the conductor came and tore off the coupon of his car ticket, he seized that worthy officer by the throat, and had nearly made an end of him before he could be persuaded that no wrong had been done. That man will make a sharp representative at Washington.

☞ The New York National Club was to have had a dinner on Saturday evening, in honor of the victories of Gens. Sherman and Thomas. The New York Herald showed its "enterprise" by getting up a four column report, in which Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, is made to sing a song, and Gen. Dix, Recorder Hoffman and others utter some strange sentiments, while in reality no such affair came off. Gov. Andrew did not leave Boston on the day in question.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ It appears that Thomas Campbell sent his beautiful poem, "Hohenlinden," commencing, "On Linden when the sun was low," to a Scotch editor, who said in his notices to correspondents:—"T. C.'s lines are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte."

☞ A paper published in the western portion of this state says:—"A number of the friends and admirers of Mr. G. B. McClellan have offered him a very handsome position in connection with the Pennsylvania oil regions, and it is thought possible that he may be induced to accept it." *nous verrons.*

☞ A BOLD SWINDLE.—A Portland rogue has invented a new, ingenious and extremely bold swindle. A horse car was standing near the Grand Trunk Railroad station on Tuesday evening, waiting for its time, when a fellow stepped on the rear platform, rang the bell and started the car, and collected the fare of the passengers in the coolest possible manner, no one doubting that he was the regular conductor. When the fares were all paid, he stepped off and was seen no more. The car was overtaken shortly by the Simon Pure conductor, who was in the station when it started, witnessed its unauthorized departure with genuine amazement, and immediately started in pursuit.

The Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Yellow.

ITS DIVINE LANGUAGE.—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him there was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

This heavenly light revealed to man finds its natural symbol in the light which shines upon the earth, and by its heat and brilliancy God's love is revealed to man. Therefore yellow, which is like the light of the sun—signifies Revelation. White, as well as Truth and Purity, signifies Divine Wisdom. Love has red for its symbol. Golden yellow reunites these two symbols and forms them into one signification—Revelation.

In the Bible the sun represents Divine Love, when opposed to the moon—symbol of Divine Wisdom. In the same manner, gold, which indicates the goodness of God is opposed to silver, emblem of Divine Truth.

ITS SACRED LANGUAGE.—*Color*, like the thread of Ariadne, is our guide in the labyrinth of the ancient religions. According to Zend-Avesta, the dog initiator who attacks and repulses the spirits of darkness, had yellow eyes and eyebrows, and white and yellow ears. The yellow eye signified intelligence enlightened by revelation. White and yellow ears symbolized the teachings of the holy doctrine, which is the Divine Wisdom revealed.

As a personification of the natural sciences Anubes took the name of Thoth, whom the Greeks called Hermes and the Romans Mercury. Mercury Hermanibus is the interpreter and messenger of the gods; he conducts the shades to Hades; a chain of gold proceeding from his mouth is attached to the ears of those he conducts thither, and he holds in his hand a golden rod. It was customary to represent one half of his face bright, one half dark, emblematical of initiation and of death—wherein the struggle of two opposing principles, light and darkess, is reproduced.

The sun, gold and yellow, were the symbols of human intelligence enlightened by divine revelation. In this sense the prophet Daniel says that "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn to righteousness as the stars." Solomon says "The head of a wise man is as the purest gold." Our Saviour said "The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father."

In Christian symbolism, yellow signified Faith. St. Peter, as upholder of the Church and guardian of sacred doctrine, was represented by the illuminators of the middle ages, with a golden yellow robe and a baton or key in his hand. In China, yellow is the symbol of Faith.

Its Profane Language.—The symbolism of the middle ages preserved in all their purity the various traditions handed down concerning this color. The Moors distinguished two opposite symbols by different shades. Pale yellow signified falsehood and treachery. Orange wise and good counsel. The Rabbins claimed to believe the fruit of the forbidden tree was the citron of a pale color, and acidity of taste, as opposed to the sweetness and bright gold of the orange. In Heraldry gold is the emblem of love and constancy; and by the law of opposites, yellow denotes inconstancy and jealousy.

The law among several nations, compelled the Jews to dress in yellow because of their betrayal of the Saviour. In France they daubed the doors of traitors with yellow, during the reign of Francis 1st, and previous. Charles of Bourbon encouraged this mark of disgrace for felonious crimes. The Church de Ceffonds in Champagne, dating back to the Sixth Century, has in its windows Judas clothed in yellow. In Spain the dress of the executioner is either red or yellow, the last indicating the treachery or falsehood of the criminal—the first his punishment.

It is easy, with the signification of these colors before us, to comprehend that of the four ages represented by the four metals, gold, silver, brass and iron.

Gold is the symbol of divine love revealed to man. Silver, by its whiteness represents divine wisdom. Brass or copper, considered as false gold, denotes love degraded—religion materialized. Iron, by its gray, sombre color indicates wisdom perverted—truth misunderstood. This will explain the statue described in the book of Daniel, the head of which was pure gold—the shoulders and arms silver, its body of brass, and its feet of iron and clay. E. Z. S.

The Powder Ship Experiment.

Admiral Porter, in his report of the operations against Fort Fisher, makes reference to the extraordinary effects of the recent gunpowder explosion in England, as affording a precedent for the attempt to blow up (or down) that fort, at the distance of 500 yards away. He says that "great results were expected from this novel mode of making war." The Admiral does not say that he expected the "great result." It is enough that somebody had large expectations, and that they have not been realized. How the originator of the project, whoever he was, could have derived any hope of its success from the explosions of English powder mills, does not appear, for the reports of those occurrences, so far as we have read them, speak only of the blowing down of houses and fences, but nothing of their effect on hill-sides or sand-banks.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

It is a mistake of the Journal that the English explosion did no damage to sand-banks. Sixty-seven tons only of powder were accidentally exploded at Erith, in October last. The effects were terribly destructive not only to the town, but by the damage done to the river embankments. These were so much injured as at one time to threaten to inundate an immense tract of country, extending from Gravesend to Battersea, on the Thames. The idea of our naval and military authorities was doubtless to blow the earthworks of Fort Fisher down, and to cause an explosion of the magazines within them by the great development of heat which the concussion would produce. This idea was a natural conclusion from the effects observed in the explosion at Erith, and other accidental explosions of powder mills, extending frequently to the powder in other buildings not contiguous. If the powder ship could have got nearer than four hundred yards to the fort, it is probable that a different result would have been seen. There were certainly facts enough known to justify the experiment.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ The light of other days—Oil lamps.

PRISON POETRY.

A correspondent of the London Times gives the following lines which he found written on the slate belonging to a prisoner under sentence of penal servitude for the second time, and who has repeatedly been convicted besides:—

"I cannot take my walks abroad;
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud
For all their care of me.

"Not more than others I deserve—
In fact much less than more;
Yet I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

"The honest pauper in the street,
Half-naked, I behold,
While I am clad from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

"Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
But I've a warm and well-aired cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.

"While they are fed on workhouse fare,
And grudged their scanty food,
Three times a day my meal I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.

"Then to the British public, health,
Who all our care relieves;
And, while they treat us as they do,
They'll never want for thieves."

Gail Hamilton on Men and Women.

[We are inclined to think there is considerable good sense in the following remarks of the *Monthly Religious Magazine* on Gail Hamilton's new book:]

On these themes, Gail Hamilton pours out a good deal of sense, with floods of nonsense. She writes sensibly about the necessity of womanly independence, with a distinct object in life aside from getting married. She writes the usual nonsense about women's wages, and wastes torrents of indignation against employers, committee men, and the masculine gender generally, because women, in some departments, are paid less than men for the same work. She ignores the fact that the law of demand and supply here, as everywhere, is inexorable; and that all the men and women in the universe cannot change or annul it. The reason why woman is paid less is, not that she is a woman, but because seven women to one man are ready to do the same work. The remedy is not railing at employers. Committees who employ teachers pay the market-prices, as they are fixed already, and they would be false to their trust if they did otherwise. The remedy is not spitting against the wind, but *enlarging the sphere of womanly employment;* and, when there are less women available for the same work, and crowding into it, the wages will go up. The price will increase exactly as the supply decreases. Touching the enlargement of woman's sphere, and the prejudices against it, Gail Hamilton, too, has some "spasms of sense," and more violent spasms of nonsense. So far as we know, the prejudice of men is not half so strong as that of women themselves against this free range of employment. We know, at least, what a great many men think and say; and depend upon it, oh, Gail! that the girls that float and languish without aim, and without doing something, are not the objects of men's most fervent admiration; while those who will outdo the men in teaching, in writing books, in raising pears and apples, in managing a household, or in managing a business firm, challenge our unfeigned homage. We men are jealous and envious when competing with each other; but when beaten by a woman, if so be she retains her womanly excellence and glory, we love her the better; we rather like to be beaten by her; for we have an instinctive feeling that we are ennobled by her success. Hence, as soon as the fact became patent that women make better teachers than men, the latter retired from the field; and women are becoming the sole teachers in most of the common schools of Massachusetts. And *they are paid better* than the men were, when the latter had possession of the field, simply because women have glorified this calling, elevated the standard, and distanced the men in the race. So it will be in anything. *Do something;* enlarge your sphere of beneficence in any direction; do anything you can do well; not sit still, or scold at irreversible laws; and the law of demand and supply will operate without regard to sex; men will be ready to render homage, and God will be well pleased. The whole field of domestic service, once filled honorably by American girls, they abandoned to foreign "help." Those girls that purchase starvation by making drawers at five cents a-piece, or finely stitched shirts at sixteen, could retake this field of service any day through all the homes of the country, conquering no "prejudice" but their own, elevate this sphere of work and glorify it, add immensely to human comfort and welfare, and receive more compensation than many a minister receives for preaching the Gospel.

HOPPING INTO THE AFFECTIONS.—The influence of song on the human heart has long been a favorite theme with poets, but who can say how many young people have danced into each other's affections? History informs us that William the Conqueror's mamma first fascinated the Duke of Normandy by skipping on a village green. Owen Tudor gained Queen Catherine's love by stumbling in a dance and falling head foremost into her Majesty's lap, (fancy such a catastrophe happening in Mayfair!) Have you ever read the epistles of Aristænetus? I confess that I have not myself; but I am given to understand that that celebrated author makes one of his heroes (Speusippus) go raving mad about a young lady who excelled in this accomplishment. Even Ariadne could not sit still while Mr. Dionysius was executing a *pas seul*, but must needs jump up to be his partner. To this day a man who enjoys a reputation for waltzing has it all in his own way with the fair sex in a ball-room, and can cut out many a youth with twice as good manners or moustaches.

☞ It is stated that a few days before the surrender of Savannah, Gen. Sherman intimated to his division commanders that the first one to enter the city should be made Military Governor after its capture. Gen. John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, was the lucky man.

☞ A man boasting of the smartness of his children, said that the youngest was so smart that it would take its hand off a hot stove without being told.

A Travelling Harem.

On my way home from Jerusalem I paid my fare at Joppa for a berth in a ship sailing for Alexandria. When the little felucca which carried my baggage and myself from the shore had threaded its way through that fringe of low, half-sunken rocks in front of the city, where the blue, sunny waters of Joppa everlastingly chafe and fret, and I reached the vessel, riding at anchor outside, I found, with dismay (after climbing the gangway and discharging my tarbanned boatman with his fee), that the ship was crammed with pilgrims—literally swarming with them—who had taken passage on their journey back from the Holy City. Pilgrims look picturesque enough under certain conditions. It is quite a touching spectacle to behold them at times; for instance, wandering about over the Judean hills, or gathering around the holy places: Russian peasant-girls, with long plaited hair hanging down over their backs; Armenians and Greeks in gorgeous colors; dwellers by the Black Sea shore in their multitudinous wraps—all these are very pleasant to behold at a distance; but to be thrust ruthlessly into a confined space with four hundred of them, and there to abide, was quite another thing. The habits of pilgrims are well known, particularly their aversion to the destruction of insect life. Besides, there was the contingency of rough weather at sea in their company; by no means an agreeable prospect.

* * * * * *

The most important personage on deck, indisputably, was a Turk, a middle-aged man, who, somebody informed me, held the office of judge, or justice of the peace, in Smyrna. He had a large establishment with him, and a particular pen or fold had been organized on the quarter-deck for his especial use. This was constructed much after the same fashion as a sheep-fold, with hurdles—or, rather, something partaking both of the nature of a hurdle and a park railing—to fence him round. It was very low, so that one might look over; and at night they rigged a sail over the top, to serve as a roof to the dwelling.

The Turk's travelling harem consisted of four lawful spouses, and about ten female Abyssinian slaves, with three or four children. Turk was a fine man, with a pale, melancholy-looking face, and eyes which flashed darkly from under his snowy turban. He was dressed loosely in white Levantine costume, and his seat was on a heap of pillows in a corner of the pen. He presented a graphic picture of a listless, used-up man; and though I saw him at times take up a book to read, he would as frequently put it down, with an air of *ennui* such as a West End exquisite might strive to imitate, but would labor in vain to surpass. His favorite wife had occasionally the honor of two minutes' conversation with her lord, but otherwise he was persistently silent.

The four wives sat in a line with their husband, and so occupied one side of the establishment. A number of silken pillows were littered along, so as to form a divan for their use. Eastern ladies, as I suppose every one is aware, do not condescend to *sit*, in the sense which Westerns take the word to indicate, but recline, or, rather, to use a broad expression, *squat*, with their feet gathered up under them. These ladies all wore alike the Syrian dress: white flowing trowsers and boddice, or *yelik*, I believe it is called, girt round the waist with a sumptuous Damascus scarf. Their veil, not the *yashmak*, was of some white fabric, and was carried over the head and covered the lower part of the face crosswise. They laughed and chatted together continually, with great animation; so that it is a mere compliment to say they were veiled. The two nearest to their lord I took to be Circassians. Although no longer fresh and pretty of feature, they were possessed of a refinement of expression of a very high class, were graceful in every movement, and dignified of carriage; there shone out far more intelligence in their aspect than is to be met with in the women of the Levant, and the peculiar half-melancholy cast of feature, almost inseparable to Circassian girls, was toned down in their faces into content or resignation.

The principal employment of all four—the other two, I believe, were Syrian women—seemed to be gossip; they prattled and laughed like children, gesticulating at the same time, to give force to their expressions, after the manner of the East. Their delicate jewelled hands were busy occasionally with a little piece of ladies' work, embroidery of some sort; but this did not seem to progress much onward towards completion during the time I stayed on board. They were treated by the slaves with great deference and respect, and the little children came sometimes to play with them, and indulge in a romp and tumble on their divan.

As for the slaves, they were partly Nubian and partly Abyssinian girls, splendid figures some of them, tall and shapely, comely of face and limb, such forms as you may see in French bronzes holding lamps. They were dressed in very picturesque attire: white or striped raiment, with gorgeously tinctured turbans, and scarfs for the waist, silk fabrics from the Damascus looms, chosen, with that wonderfully correct taste which Easterns possess in the arrangement of color, so as to harmonise with each other and with the dark skin of the wearers. These people seemed the happiest of the party; they laughed and played practical jokes at each other's expense, and skipped about with great animation. Their business was to attend to the children, and to prepare and serve out food for the refreshment of the party. A number of brass vessels of classical shape and form stood in one corner of the pen, and there was a store of viands and water: this, in fact, was the pantry, the kitchen, and the scullery of the establishment, and was ruled over by butlers, and cooks, and laundry-maids—for they had a great wash on board—and servants of all work, and was in constant requisition, some dish or potion being perpetually administered to Turk or his four lawful spouses. One or two of the slaves occupied themselves with needle-work, and the small fry, who, by the way, were mostly black, ran and tumbled about everywhere.

One other fold or pen had been constructed on deck, and this was was inhabited by some dervishes and imauns, very holy men, whom the mere touch of a Christian would effectually contaminate. These were looked up to by the Moslems on board with unbounded respect; and at prayer-times all glanced at them for the first sign.

☞ A modern French writer says, "A physician prescribing to a sick man always reminds me of a child snuffing a candle—it is ten to one but he snuffs it out."

How Young Ladies can Dress Well on a Limited Allowance.

1st. Never buy conspicuous articles of dress, or colors which are not likely to harmonize generally with others. On your means you must, of course, purchase things which will last more than one "doing up," and it would be a pity to have dresses which would be recognizable, however altered or retrimmed, as that would completely do away with the pleasure of variety. And though brilliant colors may be arranged so as to look very beautiful in dress, you will find it wiser to select quiet shades which will never jar with each other. Your dress need not, however, be grim-looking on this account, as a little exercise of taste will show you how to relieve it—by a tiny knot of bright ribbon, a pretty little tuft of gay-colored feather in your black or gray hat, or such-like pleasing little reliefs. 2nd. Do not spend money on evanescent fashions, or in the various attractions which run away with so many young ladies' pocket-money. Many articles of dress are very graceful and pretty where a girl has money to spend on what will probably be out of fashion next month, or too much run upon to be any longer lady-like. I allude to such things as expensive neck scarfs, fanciful patterns of collars and cuffs, especially lace ones, elaborate bedroom slippers, &c. Your dress need never be unfashionable, but you should not attempt to make yourself conspicuously fashionable. 3rd. Try to have a system in your dress, or what I may almost call a style of your own, modified to some extent by the fashion of the day. I have a friend who always makes a rule of wearing plain skirts, even though others are generally being trimmed. I merely mention this as an instance of what I mean. Far from being remarked for dressing poorly, the young lady in question is generally admired for her "simple but *distingué*" style of dress. She certainly possesses a tall and graceful figure, and always has an ample allowance of material in her dresses. To enter now into a few particulars for your benefit. You will always find it a comfort to have a good black silk dress in wear, unless your friends think you too young for black. Some people will advise you to buy very few dresses, but all of the best material. I do not think this is your wisest plan. You are so young that you do not require to wear rich material to look well dressed, and the present fashions change so quickly in material as well as in make, that you would often feel yourself hampered by having an unworn-out dress which you felt it your duty to wear, though it no longer looked new. For morning wear I think you would find scarlet or blue flannel Garibaldis or boddice becoming and serviceable. With these you can wear a gray or brown linsey skirt, without looking at all dingy. A neatly-fitting black or dark silk dress, for better wear, will last long with care. If some of your friends ever give you the choice of a Christmas or birth-day present, you cannot do better than choose a good dark silk. Light silk dresses, however good in quality, are never serviceable. You will find hats much less expensive than bonnets. If you live in the country, or in a provincial town, one bonnet should quite last a season, as you need seldom wear it except at church. Straw bonnets are the most satisfactory, as a fresh trimming renews them, and a white straw will always dye black, so as to make a nice winter bonnet if prettily trimmed. A good black hat, neatly trimmed with velvet, should last you a year, as you can vary it by altering the feather according to the season. For ordinary walking dress I think nothing so pretty for young girls as short jackets of thick, rough cloth, black, gray, or dark blue. For better, fine black plush makes pretty jackets, which are exceedingly serviceable; I mean the plush made expressly for cloaks. You would find a black net evening dress very useful if you are not too young for it. There are very pretty and inexpensive gauzy materials which look quite handsome enough for young girls' evening wear. Lavender or light gray with a bright colored spot on it is very pretty. White tarletane or grenadine muslin dress with colored patterns on them, are to be had very cheap at almost any of the large shops. They last quite as long as the much more expensive silk grenadines, and look, I think, quite as pretty. For half-dress evening wear you will find a pink or pale blue mousseline-delaine Garibaldi very useful and becoming. Plain white muslin dresses, I think, are expensive, as they must have trimming of some kind to set them off, and so quickly lose their first freshness. I have not spoken of under-clothing, as you are almost sure to have a pretty good stock to begin on. If you require to buy any, you would, of course, do well to have it made at home. Do not think it necessary to have a great quantity; half-a-dozen is quite enough for a set of linen—and very simple trimming both neater and more serviceable for young girls. Always wear small, plain linen collars in the morning, and a little lace tucker in any high evening dress. Lace collars and sleeves are very dear, and not suitable for you. Be very careful to pay for everything as you buy it, and close your accounts every quarter at least. If you let one quarter run into another, you will soon exceed your income.

☞ John Steel, the wealthiest man in Pennsylvania, made so by oil transactions (his receipts were $3,000 per day,) died, a few days ago, in Philadelphia, from injuries received from the kick of a horse.

☞ The friends of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at Peekskill and vicinity, who were recently edified by that gentleman's enthusiastic eulogy on the apple as a fruit, made him a New Year's present of a huge apple-pie, two and a-half feet in diameter, and cooked most deliciously.

☞ An American gentleman, not long since, was arrested by the Italian authorities, on the Neapolitan borders, on the suspicion of being a brigand, and, as he was unwise enough to travel without his passport, he was kept there three days in a filthy prison with genuine brigands before he could make his true condition known satisfactorily.

☞ Gen. Scott, in his Autobiography, tells this story of the origin of the cloth known as "Cadet gray:"—"When Scott was seen approaching the bridge, Gen. Bial, the British commander, who had dispersed twice his number the winter before, in his expedition on the American side, said, 'It was nothing but a body of Buffalo militia.' But when the bridge was passed in fine style, under heavy fire of artillery, he added, with an oath, 'Why, these are regulars!' The gray coats at first deceived him, which Scott was obliged to accept, there being no blue cloth in the country. In compliment to the battle of Chippewa, our military cadets have worn gray coats ever since."

☞ Warning to speculators—Look out for brokers ahead.

I Want Annie where the Light can Shine on Her.

The cloth had been removed, the lamps lighted, and around a cheerful fire a happy family had gathered to enjoy that most enjoyable of all social pleasures, a family talk. Little Freddy, the pet and plaything, nestled in his mother's arms, satisfied with her fond caresses, though his voice was not heard in the family councils.

Presently a little whisper caught the mother's ear, and folding him more closely to her heart she inquired,

"What's the matter, darling—what does my little pet want?"

"I don't want Annie to sit over there, where the light can't shine on her," said the affectionate little fellow, whose quick eye had observed her entrance, and whose fine instinct detected the soul-loneliness of one beyond the circle and out of the light.

How many such there are in this world, waiting for some keen eye and noble nature to find them out and invite them into the light, towards which their souls are turning. How many are longing for some great work of benevolence which shall illustrate their love to God, who yet are forgetting, perhaps some gentle little sister, or timid, shrinking brother, sitting in the dark corner of their home, who, beneath the kindling warmth of their loving sympathy would expand to new life and beauty. How many a Sunday-school scholar has been brought into the light of a new intellectual development by the kind words of a cheerful, hopeful teacher, who, remembering the hidden, sometimes hopeless, ambition of her own early years, could see signs of fruitfulness even before the fruit is set. Oh, how many, enjoying the multiplied lights to knowledge blazing upon them, forget the eager souls on the outside of these privileges!

Would you see the transforming power of the light of human love, take some weary, petulant child, who has been amusing itself all day, while nurse trotted, and rocked, and petted the baby; who does not need nurse's care now—oh, no, because it needs a higher care, which can look deeper into that little world of wants, waking up within it, and skillfully give to each outstretching fibre a seed-grain of knowledge—take, I say, such a little one up into the light of your winning smile and larger knowledge, and as your words, taking their direction from the child's promptings, shall only satisfy one eager question to suggest another and another, you will rejoice in the wondrous look of intelligence which chases all petulance from the brow, while your crown of reward shall be the love of that young heart for whom Christ died.

But, oh, there is a light better than the light of knowledge, better than the light of human love—even the light of Divine truth, which cannot shine on those hapless beings down in those dark cellars, and crowded lanes, and high attics, unless it be brought to them. Let us go forth oftener, and gathering such into our Sunday-schools, put them where the light can shine on them, make them feel there is a place for them in our churches, in our hearts, in places of trust and influence, and, better than all, in Heaven—our own home, where the Lamb is the light thereof. Stimulated by our efforts for those at home, we will take, by the way, their eloquent gratitude, while we reach forth our hands still further, that the God-given light that we enjoy may shine on heathen lands, upon which now the blackness of sin and ignorance is resting.

How a Bridegroom Was Treated.

A circle of gay young bachelors was thrown into confusion a day or two ago by the desertion of one of their number, who fell a victim to the charms of a beautiful and amiable young lady. For some cause best known to himself, the enamored Benedict kept the matter a secret, and without inviting his bachelor friends to the wedding, had the knot tied in an unostentatious manner, and started on a bridal tour to some village in Illinois.

His friends, of course, heard of the wedding the day after it occurred, and feeling slighted, determined to have revenge. When the happy man returned from his tour, he was taken aback by being waited upon by a stranger, a detective, who produced an order for his arrest on a charge of disloyalty. Having at one time entertained a sneaking sympathy for "our Southern brethren," he was greatly troubled. He was taken by the detective into a darkened room, where the examining board was sitting, and was surprised to see that they all wore masks and dominoes.

He asked why he was not allowed to see the faces of his judges, and was told that they were disguised on account of the discovery of spies and traitors in the government service. He was then accused of having uttered such and such sentiments in the presence of certain of his friends, whose names were given, and as he could not deny what he had said, he plead guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the court—urged his youth and inexperience—the fact of his recent marriage, &c.

Although his pathetic appeals appeared to soften the flinty hearts of his judges, yet it could not turn aside the ponderous hammer of justice, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the Alton prison, at hard labor, with ball and chain attached to the left leg. This was a terrible blow to a man who had been married but three or four days, and the prisoner was greatly affected.

After witnessing the misery of the condemned man for a few moments, the mock judges threw off their masks, and appeared before him as his uninvited wedding guests. They told him they had taken this mode of punishing him for his failure to invite them to his wedding, and he was so glad to find that the thing was all a joke, that he treated the party to a champagne and oyster supper, and promised that he would never get married again without their presence.—*Missouri Dem.*

☞ The Providence Journal, speaking of the cruel treatment of a child by its mother, says: "The child certainly should have the careful attention of some one, or it will be prematurely added to the kingdom of Heaven, and thus perhaps permanently separated from its kindred."

☞ The steamer Arago brought over 200,000 letters from Gen. Sherman's army. As none of the stamps had been cancelled, it required the labor of fifteen clerks in the post office for twenty hours to do the work.

☞ Rev. Mark Trafton, of New Bedford, was robbed of his overcoat by a thief, to whom he addresses, through an advertisement, the following pertinent suggestion:—"If the person who stole my overcoat from my hall on Sabbath evening will read the 'Methodist Discipline,' which was in one of the pockets, he will learn something to his advantage."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capa, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

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We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 95.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The Magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their Magazines at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies,	"	4.00
Four copies,	"	8.00
Eight copies,	" and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty	" and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one* of THE POST,		4.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

Beneficial Influence of Tea.

The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been strangely overlooked or underrated. It has been, however, well described as leading "to the most wonderful change that has ever taken place in the diet of modern civilized nations—a change highly important both in a moral and physical point of view. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. Lovers of tea and coffee are, in fact, rarely drinkers: and hence the use of these beverages has benefitted both manners and morals. Raynal observes, that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality."

☞ There is nothing like the pursuit of knowledge. The Mayor of St. Catharines received the following suggestive letter from New York, signed Peter McKenny:—"Will your worship please inform me by return of post what troops are now stationed in your city, and about the number. You might also please inform me what the average deposits in the different banks are, and oblige."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

BORING FOR OIL.—Oil wells are not bored, though we continually hear that the oil springs are reached by boring. The drilling process has heretofore been used. But an experiment is now making in Venango county, with a boring instrument of French invention, which is said to be very successful, and is likely to work an important revolution in the business of striking oil. The implement used is circular and hollow, and set with diamond-shaped teeth of hardened steel. It is connected by an iron rod to bevelled cog-wheels, attached by cranks and rods to the walking-beam of the engine. It revolves rapidly, cutting its way down and leaving a central core standing, which, at intervals, is cut off and taken out by a clamp. This core exhibits the stratification of the rock, and will settle some vexed questions of strata not to be ascertained by the ordinary method of drilling. The boring has proceeded at the rate of four inches in five minutes, or ninety-six feet per day. A correspondent who has witnessed the operation, writes:—"The manager says he can cut five hundred feet in ten days, and guarantees to do it in twenty days. He has taken the contract at the usual price for boring."

☞ In the good old days of slow coaches and slower mails, when Northern New York was about as far out of the world as some of our Northwestern territories are now, there was gathered around the post-office one night, in a small town, quite a crowd, to hear the news brought by the stage just in. "What's the news?" asked an old fellow, who was not as worldly-wise as he might have been—"what's the news?" "Martin Van Buren has been appointed Minister to Great Britain," said a friend at his elbow. "Minister to Great Britain! The idea of his being appointed Minister to Great Britain! Why he can't preach no more than I can!"

☞ "Speculators," says Napoleon, "trace their schemes on paper; fools read and believe them. All are babbling about general happiness, and presently the people have not bread to eat; then comes a revolution. Such is usually the fruit of all their fine theories."

LATEST NEWS.

Richmond papers of the 5th state that Savannah is quiet. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Corps are in intrenchments reaching from the Savannah river to the plank road. Steamers are removing obstructions from the river. An Augusta dispatch of the 5th says that Kilpatrick has crossed the Savannah river, and is supposed to be on the Carolina side of the river. The reports that Gen. Sherman has crossed the Savannah river are confirmed, and he is supposed to be moving on Grahamville.

Richmond papers state that Hood's army is moving on Tupelo, Miss.

Gen. Dana's expedition from Memphis has destroyed the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, 5 miles below Corinth to Okolona. Twenty-nine bridges, considerable trestle work, 32 cars, 300 army wagons, and 4,000 carbines were destroyed. Forrest's camp of dismounted men at Everona was dispersed.

From in front of Petersburg we have information that the artillery firing on Tuesday last was aimed at the lower part of the city, and did considerable damage.

Operations on the Dutch Gap Canal have ceased.

A cavalry force of General Sheridan's army visited Upperville and Middleburg on the 27th ult., and carried off and destroyed considerable property belonging to secessionists. A brigade of cavalry and artillery has been stationed at Lovettsville.

☞ The New Haven Palladium says:—"At the dinner of the Morgan Street School, in Hartford, Tuesday evening, there sat down a bright-eyed boy of about sixteen years, who one year ago sat at the same table, ragged, dirty and poor. Tuesday he was clean and well clothed, and besides this has a bank account of over two thousand dollars. He enlisted last spring in the navy, and this money is his share of the prize money distributed among the crew of his ship." An example for some of our homeless and destitute boys.

☞ It is said that A. T. Stewart, of New York, lately paid an income tax of $250,000 upon a net income of $5,000,000. He does a business of $30,000,000 a year, and has $14,000,000 invested in real estate. A. T. might retire on his income.

☞ The World's correspondent says that when Fort McAllister was captured it was found that Major Anderson, the rebel commander, lived in style, as nearly $4,000 worth of wines and segars were found stowed away in his quarters. And this in sight of the Union prisoners, dying of starvation by inches.

☞ Dr. Franklin said "A good kick out of doors is better than all the rich uncles in the world."

☞ A young person whose health has been prostrated by a long study of analytical geometry, recently perished by an elliptic fit.

☞ The nurse of one of the wealthiest families in Paris has been detected exposing her master's child in the Avenue des-Champ-Elysees, and begging charity "for a poor infirm mother, and a poor little baby that has no bread." A new way to raise the wind.

☞ The idea of the telescope was obtained by a spectacle-maker named Zachary Jans, about the year 1600. Two of his sons, while amusing themselves with different glasses in their father's shop, happened to put two at the proper distance from each other, and looking through them at a weathercock on the top of a neighboring church found it much larger than usual, much nearer, and turned upside down. The father fixed the glasses in a tube and sold it as a toy. Galileo heard of this discovery, and it is said to have led him to invent the telescope.

☞ We have heard the story of Dr. P.'s absence of mind, to illustrate which it is related that while located at Portsmouth, N. H., he returned home late one rainy night from an unusually protracted minister's meeting, and so absorbed was he in the subject of the meeting, that he put his wet umbrella into the bed with his wife, and stood himself behind the door.

☞ Old bachelors who dislike the talk of women, will perhaps admit that they never thought of one great good accomplished. Jean Paul says: "Naturalists asserts that the leaves of the trees are continually in a fluttering motion, in order to purify the air by flapping it, this vibration in some measure performing the office of a gentle breeze. Now, it would be strange, indeed, if nature, who is thus economical in everything else, had ordained the much longer (seventy years) enduring vibration (of a woman's tongue) without a purpose; but the purpose is not wanting: it is the same as that for which the leaves are made to quiver."

☞ The "spirit-stirring drum" is of quite ancient origin, representations of it occur in Egyptian sculptures of the sixteenth century B. C. It was introduced into Europe by the Saracens, and played probably for the first time in France in 1347, on the entry of Edward Third into Calais.

☞ A new invention in Paris is said to be a pair of musical boots, which have been exhibited to the Emperor. At every step the pressure of the foot produces melody—it may be a waltz, a mazourka, or an operatic air. This arrangement would be extremely convenient for a dancing master.

☞ Those occupying apartments in the fifth story have an opportunity to learn the ups and downs of life.

☞ So much powder has been expended in the vicinity of one Southern city that it will be eminently proper to change its name after this cruel war is over and call it, for instance, Saltpetresburg.

☞ Frederick II. used to say, that for every appointment he conferred, he made ninety-nine enemies and one ungrateful friend.

☞ The Country Gentleman says that scraping the horns of oxen on the inside will make them curve outward, or vice versa.

☞ The rebel Gen. Lee, in tendering his resignation of his commission in the United States Army when the rebellion broke out, wrote to General Scott that "Save in defence of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword."

☞ Three brothers were drowned at Cincinnati on Monday. The youngest broke through the ice, the second shared the same fate in trying to rescue his brother, and the eldest, frantically rushing to their assistance, also sunk beneath the ice, and all disappeared together.

☞ The Army and Navy Journal makes the singular announcement that Major-Gen. Meade has ordered each division of the Army of the Potomac to prepare its grave-yard and fence it in, on the ground now occupied by our forces before Richmond.

SONG OF THE PEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Write! Write! Write!
Until fingers grow numb aloof;
And Write! Write! Write!
But who shall read my proof?
It's oh! to drive the pen,
Gladly the task I would shirk,
And never scratch paper again,
"If this is Christian work."

Write! Write! Write!
Of ogres, and monsters grim!
And Write! Write! Write!
And the shortening candle trim.
Song, and story, and wit,
Wit, and story, and song;
Till over the dim lines I fall asleep,
Nor can tell where the words belong.

Oh! since paper is dear,
Oh! since ink's on the rise,
It's many pens I am wearing out,
And sadly trying eyes.
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
In poverty of heart and head;
Tracing these uncouth, senseless lines,
When I ought to be in bed.

But why do I talk of bed,
Or think of rest and sleep?
For I must finish rhyming now—
If I late vigils keep.
My head seems like a stone;
Nor can my fancy leap;
Alas! that stationery's dear,
And manuscript is cheap!

Write! Write! Write!
Each effort costs a dime!
Write! Write! Write!
And you will reject my rhyme!
Song, and story, and wit,
Wit, and story, and song,
Till the temples throb, and the brain is numbed,
Dragging my thoughts along.

Oh! that I had the power!
Of writers I would be chief;
No leisure for me in the corner to mope;
But little time for grief!
A few lines in print would ease my mind,
Perhaps allay the ghost,
That with great sheet, and ink-drops,
So often haunts The Post.

Ryerson's Station, Pa. C. C. CHAMBERS.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It has been said that Kate Galton was an active woman, little disposed towards reclining even in the most graceful of attitudes when there were none near to see her. With a wider scope in the world, and as the wife of an utterly different husband, this activity of hers might have been turned to good account. As it was, the arena of ambition was closed to her, for she was simply the wife of a country gentleman whose name was unknown beyond the limits of his own parish, and whose fame rested solely on "Beelzebub" and his invariably early crops.

Kate told herself and Harold Ffrench that she "had missed her vocation" in marrying John Galton. She thought that she had a diplomatic mind, and that she would have been a charming repository for any man's state and political secrets. "I'm so sympathetic, you see," she would say in her not unfrequent moments of confidence with her cousin, "and I can always expand to the occasion. I ought to be other than I am, in fact."

"There I heartily agree with you," he would reply, leaving Kate in a state of uncertainty as to whether he agreed with the spirit or the letter merely of her statement respecting herself.

"I seem to have nothing to live for; it's impossible to stir John up to do anything."

"What should he do, save breed another two-year-old to run for the Two Thousand? Let John alone, Kate; when country gentlemen get stirred up, as you call it, they develope into pragmatic, egotistical, twaddling prigs. You wouldn't have him go about and adorn country-town platforms with his flowers of ungrammatical oratory, and his honest, stupid face, would you? And what other vent would his enthusiasm find if you did stir him up to feel any?"

"There is the sting; his orations would be ungrammatical, and his face is honest, but stupid. If he were other than he is, I should not be so anxious for him to prove himself something higher than he seems."

"Why can't you take him as he is, and be content?" Harold Ffrench would say; but despite this affected toleration towards his cousin's husband, he was far from unpleasantly conscious that her complaint of John was an implied acknowledgment of his (Harold Ffrench's) superiority, and this consciousness rendered him not by any means intolerant to the complainer. Harold was aware that, were his own deeds brought to light and his life carefully analyzed, he would be found to have done less good in his generation than even John Galton. But he felt that there was no need to impress this fact upon his cousin, since she had not displayed sufficient acumen to discover it for herself. Therefore he was compassionately tolerant to John Galton's ignominious career and satisfaction in the same, and sublimely resigned to having honors thrust upon him that he did not at all deserve.

In a measure, he sympathized with and understood Kate's vain-glorious desire to be a something, not better and higher, but more talked about, more before the world, than she was. For in his own lazy way he, too, had had his hopes and ambitions, and he had girded fiercely at fate when they had failed. But, after all, a woman's ambition must ever be a poor small thing, he judged; and therefore, whether it were realized, or whether it failed, was of little consequence; it could do no lasting harm.

Really in Kate's case he had good reason for supposing this; for Mrs. Galton had ambitions whose name was legion, and they failed her continually, and she bloomed while the memory of them was green just as if nothing had happened. Harold himself was a permanent disappointment to her, and he knew it. Yet not even the vanity of which he possessed an average share could make him believe that he was thought of by Mrs. Galton as aught but a possible cause of sensation of some sort in the future ten minutes after his exit from her presence, if another agreeable man appeared.

Just now, however, he was the cause of indignation vexing her soul continually, for she was up in lodgings in Piccadilly with her husband, and Harold Ffrench was aware of the fact, and still he abstained from seeking her presence. It was hard on her, cruelly hard on her; for Mr. Galton insisted on patronizing the local tailor, a man who lived in the market-town nearest to Haversham, and his coats, one and all, had a ruck in the back that was horribly suggestive of the country and all its abominations to her. It was good broad-cloth that John Galton wore, but the cut of it was a maddening thing to the woman who bore his name and leant upon his arm in the haunts of fashionable men in that year of grace. He marred the effect of her own exquisite toilettes, and made her miserable. He took the edge off the Great Exhibition, and made her doubt, for the first time in her life, whether the many stares which were directed towards her were of unmixed admiration or not. After three or four days' endurance of this agony she could bear it no longer.

"I will write to Harold Ffrench," she said to herself on the impulse of the moment, but she thought better of that presently. Mr. Galton had not suggested that she should write to her cousin, even about that opera-box of which mention had been made.

"I will take you there, Kate; never mind bothering your cousin; he seemed to me to want to shake us off. Country cousins, you know, are not always agreeable, are they?"

"I hope Harold does not look upon me as a country cousin," Kate had retorted indignantly; but still she had said no more about writing to Harold, for John Galton was one who would foist his society on no man, and he would not make the suggestion without which Kate was too wary to write. "I will get that Miss Theo Leigh here," she said to herself one morning when she was languidly adorning herself for a sacrificial saunter under conjugal auspices, "and then, John is always so good-natured, that he will soon propose bringing them together again."

Rather than not have the society of the man at all, she would have used Venus herself to lure him into her presence. Mrs. Galton's scruples about abolishing Venus as soon as she ceased to be necessary as a lure would have been few, as may be supposed. So now she resolved to bribe Harold to come to her by promising him a sight of Theo, little caring what came to Theo through the means.

Theo, meanwhile, had been struggling very hard to live in the present and think alone of the future, and forget as much as might be forgotten of the past. She had her reward in finding the present slightly fatiguing, but pleasantly so, and the future not a blank by any means; the wound that she had received was deep, but it was, as has been said, a clean cut, and the edges did not fester and fret her constantly.

Nevertheless, sensible girl and dutiful daughter as she was, she did occasionally feel that other companionship than her father's would have been desirable. He exerted himself much to give her pleasure, wearied himself daily for hours in that fairy palace in Hyde Park, and nightly at the theatres where he distracted Theo by comparing modern actors to the Siddons, Kembles, and Kean, to the invariable disadvantage of the former. Then for a rest he took her to Greenwich, and showed her the Hospital (for an appointment to which he yearned), and partook of luncheon with an old comrade who was eloquent on the delights of the place and the advantages derivable from a residence in it. He was a plethoric old gentleman, this late comrade of her papa's, who grunted and swore a great deal more than was necessary, Theo thought; but he appeared to be admirably contented with his position, which Theo's experience of old naval officers taught her was a remarkable thing.

"No place like it for a man with a family, sir—no place like it; to live rent-free in a palace is something after knocking about all one's life, eh, Miss Leigh?"

"I don't think that it's too much after knocking about all one's life," Theo replied dubiously.

"You don't, eh? you don't. My dear young lady, let me tell you that it is the highest reward the Service offers us, an appointment here, and that a man doesn't get it for nothing, I can tell you."

In her heart Theo thought that no man had seen so much service or done such doughty deeds as her father. His old comrade's satisfaction in the boon bestowed savored, she thought, of disparagement to her father's claim to it. The young lady had yet to learn that the old gentleman who grunted and swore held a different tone to outsiders to that which those within the gates were accustomed to hear from his lips. She did not know this, so she only said,

"I suppose papa will have it, then."

"You'll find the society here delightful," one of the daughters of the house observed with animation. Theo had mentioned that she lived in a dull little village; it was pleasant to the daughter of the house to point the difference in the places in which they were running the best years of their respective careers. She then went on to give Theo a list of the names and number of the families resident at the time, and Theo remarked that there seemed "to be a great many ladies."

The daughter of the house tried to look as if she had never thought this fact a drawback to the delights of the place before.

"There *are* a good many; yes, certainly, there are a good many; of course, if you don't like ladies' society, you won't think such a number of girls in the place any recommendation."

"Ladies' society in moderation I like, but such a number! Papa, you mustn't come here. I should feel ashamed of myself for adding to such a heavy brigade," Theo said laughingly to Mr. Leigh, whose heart was heavy at the thought of not being there already, living in "rooms in a palace rent-free, and having as many barrels of small beer as he liked at cost-price." He was making up his mind to "memorialize" again for the next vacancy, and looking at his old comrade attentively, in order to detect whether there were any signs of dissolution about that hale but aged man, who fathomed the motive of the attentive gaze, and resented it by being haler and heartier than before, out of sheer opposition.

They made the tour of the place after luncheon, went into the Chapel, and were brought up by the rope before the viper and bundle of sticks, and into the Painted Hall, where they duly dislocated their necks and got headaches in the cause of art, and into the wards and kitchens.

These latter places deepened Mr. Leigh's admiration for the "*mag*nificent" scale" on which everything was done, for he was in an admiring mood, and thoroughly believed that the height of naval bliss was to be found here. But aged seamen feeding are pleasanter on canvas than in real life. Theo was quite ready to believe in the place also, but the gastronomic odors on this hot June day did not increase her faith in this paradise to which she, fate and the Admiralty willing, was to be consigned.

But there is a great charm about this place after all—at least there soon was to Theo. It is utterly unlike every other place; and this characteristic of singularity always will tell in the end. The library and the librarian; the feudal observances of banging a gong at sunset, and barring out visitors at nine; the solemn sorry state that is maintained; the pertinacity with which certain benches are guarded from the contaminating touch of those who "don't belong to the place"—all these things struck her, and caused her to experience a throb of the same sort of feeling that made her father linger in the machinery department at the Exhibition; for, as that modern sage Dundreary says, human nature "likes to wonder."

She did wonder; wonder greatly about many things that she saw and heard. Amongst other things, she wondered whether Queen Mary looked down and smiled upon her work, and whether William was as well satisfied with it as he has cause to be with the majority of the acts of his reign? At least, I am not sure that the wonderings took the form of those precise words at the time, but she did afterwards, when the habit of Greenwich Hospital was no longer upon her.

She had other cause for wonderment when she reached her temporary home in the lodgings in Great George Street, Westminster, that night, for on the table in the drawing-room she found the card of "Mrs. John Galton." The unsolved problem of how Mrs. Galton, *his* cousin, had found her out, kept Theo awake the whole night, and ill prepared her for bearing the burden and heat of the following day.

With the nine o'clock post that day came an explanation in the form of an epistle from Mrs. Leigh, acquainting her daughter with the gratifying fact of the kindest letter having been received by her from Mrs. Galton, asking so particularly for Theo's address in town, and wishing so much to see her. "I answered it at once," the mother wrote, "and I should not be surprised to hear that she has been to call upon you already; she seems to be a very sweet-tempered domestic woman; she says she wishes that Houghton and Haversham were nearer to each other, in which case she should ask me to have an eye to her dear little daughter during her absence. "As a mother," she feelingly remarks, "I can enter into the continual anxiety she experiences while away from the dear child. It is not often," Mrs. Leigh sagaciously added, "that a young and beautiful woman, such as Mrs. Galton, is so devoted a mother as she appears to be." (Some few weeks after this, Theo showed her mamma's letter to her fascinating friend in a moment of blind admiration and unlimited confidence, and the fascinating friend performed a mental *pas* of pleasure at having "so successfully hoodwinked the old lady.")

On Mrs. Galton's card was a pencilled statement of an intention to call on Miss Leigh at three o'clock on the following day. Before that hour came, Theo had woven a vision of Harold Ffrench accompanying his cousin; indeed, his figure was the prominent one in the pattern, and Mrs. Galton fell into position as merely an accessory, the cause of an effect which should banish thoughts of all beside itself.

She inducted herself into the blue muslin for the first time this day. The sight of the frills had been painful to her hitherto; they had been hemmed that day when she got her "woeful prick," poor child, and they possessed the balsamic quality of making the wound smart. So just in this one thing, she had been indulgent to her weakness, and she congratulated herself on this indulgence now, when she put it on in all its freshness towards solemnizing with all due splendor the advent of her expected guests, and saw that she looked very well in it.

She would not go out at all this day. When she had deemed that it was all over, and that she should never see him again, she had been most wisely patient, most bravely determined on doing just as she had ever done. But this sudden revulsion, this relighting of the torch of hope, upset her philosophy, and though she resolved to meet and greet him as a friend—nothing more, never anything more—still till the time of such meeting came she could but let agitation reign supreme.

It was a long dull morning that Theo passed in the drawing-room of their lodgings. It would have been better for her had she gone to the Admiralty with her father, as he had invited her to do, but she had refused this slight diversion, fearing that three o'clock would come upon her like a thief in the night, and that they would come and go and miss her, and make no further attempt. Such a catastrophe was of too horrible a nature to be lightly brought upon herself, therefore she suffered her papa to go off to a possible interview with the First Lord alone.

It was not a hopeful room to contemplate, with the prospect before you of spending several hours in it by yourself, that drawing-room in the house in Great George street. Everything in it was for show and not for use, and the show was not fair to look upon. There was an undesirable carpet on the floor, a dark-green ground with branches of red trees strewed all over it, and those branches stood out so well from the green that one involuntarily stepped high in order to avoid catching in and tripping over them; there were *papier mache* stands sprinkled with a lavish hand about the apartment, and these supported busts of Byron and Scott and Shakspeare, (the latter with an evident predisposition to water on the brain,) and glass shades full of wax fruit and flowers. The chairs, too, were of an order from which one would turn with loathing and disgust when fatigued mentally or bodily, for they were heavy hot velvet; and if one deposited one's self upon one of them with anything like a velocity, clouds of dust arose and rendered all things obscure for many minutes. When to this is added the fact, that the French clock on the mantelpiece was addicted to loud ticking, and being always an hour too slow or four hours too fast by reason of its purposeless minute perpetually catching in a feeble kind of way in its stumpy hour-hand, it will readily be believed that the room was not hopeful—that it was, on the contrary, decidedly disheartening. It was not at all a room in a corner or portion of which Theo could enshrine herself and becomingly await the arrival of possible devotees.

It never occurred to Theo to seek relief from the tedium by taking up woman's universal panacea, work. She was not one who could find partial oblivion in a thimble, and alleviation for much in the wielding of that useful little weapon, by aid of which many women keep *ennui*, even despair, at bay. The girl was far from being muscular or coarse in her tastes or appearance; still a needle never looked quite at home in her slender restless hand; she had no liking for the most customary of all feminine occupations.

Cut off, therefore, by habit from this resource; cut off by circumstances from others that were more congenial, Theo sat all the morning in idleness; and though Satan did not find some mischief for her idle hands to do, the fiend Imagination had a rare time of it, waved on by the recently relighted torch of Hope.

She had tutored herself into the belief that she should not be very impatient even if three o'clock passed and they came not. But the schooling was unnecessary, for with the striking of the hour mingled the sound of a resolutely plied knocker, and presently Mrs. Galton alone came into the room.

"I am very punctual, am I not?" Mrs. Galton asked, as she was shaking hands. "I always keep my word." And so, to do her justice, she did in some things; she never broke small promises to casual acquaintances; when Kate Galton ruptured a faith, it was a fine big one invariably.

"It is very kind of you to have taken the trouble to find me out," Theo replied.

Her knees were trembling with excitement and disappointment, and, despite her efforts, her eyes rolled towards the door and rested there lingeringly. Kate Galton quite understood why they did so, and resolved to punish this folly lightly in some way or other. Theo Leigh conceiving a genuine passion for a man she (Kate) had elected to honor with an elastic regard, was a person to be abased when she had served the contemplated purpose.

"Ah, I see you looking; but little Katy is not with me, nor is my husband, for a marvel."

"Oh, I know that you did not bring your little girl up; I was not looking for her," Theo said honestly; and Mrs. Galton's brow clouded over so slightly as she weighed the probabilities of Theo having heard thus much from Harold Ffrench.

"Have you seen my cousin, then, lately?" she asked.

Theo shook her head and said "No."

"Ah, I thought it was most extraordinarily negligent of him, if he had seen you, not to have told me, knowing, as he does, how anxious I am to see a great deal of you while in town, and in the country, too, I hope; but Harold is so forgetful that, after all, I ought not to have been surprised if it had escaped his memory."

This speech was designed to show Theo how absolutely unimportant a thing she was in Harold Ffrench's eyes, and also that Mrs. Galton's intercourse with her cousin was incessant and familiar. It failed in achieving the first object, for Theo did not believe that she was forgotten by or utterly unimportant to the man who had seemed to love her so warmly but the other day. But the latter and equally natural implication she firmly credited. Why should she have doubted it, indeed? It seemed to her to be in the order of things that Mrs. Galton and her Cousin Harold should be much together.

"And what have you been doing?" Mrs. Galton asked, after a few desultory remarks that did not bear upon anything in particular, and shall therefore be suffered to pass unrecorded. "I suppose you have seen the principal things that are going on; isn't it a wonderful season?"

"It is my first experience of one; of course it is wonderful to me; but I am not in the vortex, you know."

"Ah, how should you be in the vortex with no chaperone save your papa? I forgot that when I asked you what you had been doing. I have ebbed away from London society since my marriage, but I do know some people still, and it would give me great pleasure to take you wherever I go myself."

Theo thanked Mrs. Galton for the kindly disposition evinced, but it was all she could do, for she was beginning to develope the idea that a little more was said than was meant on all occasions. It is unpleasant to accept warmly a conditional invitation and then to discover that the inviter did not intend to go quite so far in the matter as you in your innocence imagined from the manner.

"It would really give me great pleasure to have you with me, Miss Leigh; do you think you could persuade your papa to leave you with me when he returns?"

Theo tried to say that she thought she "ought to go home with papa" firmly, and she failed. The thought that she would surely see Harold Ffrench at his cousin's house would arise, and it caused her resolution to totter. Mrs. Galton felt persuaded of Theo's acquiescence in the proposed scheme, despite that young lady's gentle indication of a wish to sacrifice inclination to duty; and Mrs. Galton fathomed the cause of this acquiescence, and again resented it in the innermost recesses of her mind.

"Little fool! to nurse hopes of Harold in such a way," Kate thought, even while she was saying:—

"Let us leave the decision to your mamma. I will write to her about it, and if she will trust you with me you need have no scruples about staying. Mr. Galton will be obliged to return to Haversham, but we shall never look an escort with my cousin, Mr. Ffrench, in town. I do not like to think of your going back after only three weeks' experience of this exceptional year."

Theo glowed at the prospect.

"It is very kind of you, very kind indeed, to a stranger such as I am. I shall enjoy staying with you above everything, but it does seem a great thing for you to do for such a recent acquaintance."

"Not at all. I have no sisters, no cousins, no grown-up daughters" (she tinkled out a little laugh here at the preposterousness of the notion of her having grown-up daughters.) "Perhaps when Katy's of a fit and proper age to be given her chance, I shall be disinclined for society, and shall be glad of some friend doing for her what I am going to do for you." Then Kate rose up to go, and added, "Mind, Miss Leigh, that you reward me by marrying brilliantly at the end of the season; my *protegee's* glories will be mine, remember."

"Papa, papa!" Theo cried, when her father came home from that interview with a suave First Lord, who made him happy even while refusing him all he asked,—"Mrs. Galton has asked me to stay with her; she's going to remain entirely on my account and take me everywhere, though Mr. Galton won't be able to,—that is to say, Mr. Ffrench will, you know, instead. Will you let me go?"

"I don't quite understand the case. When do you want to go to her?"

"Not while you can stay here with me, papa; not till you go back, dear, but then I thought—that is, she thought that you would let me go and stay with her and see a little more of what is going on; and she would take me to parties, she says."

"I know so little of the woman, and what I do know I don't like."

"That's mere prejudice, papa; she's the *sweetest*, kindest woman; I wish you could have seen her to-day, you wouldn't have been able to help liking her; even if you can't let me go to her, don't say a word against her, please."

"We will hear what your mother says," Mr. Leigh said, meditatively; he was in a difficulty—a difficulty that frequently oppresses parents. He could not bear to deprive the child of one jot or tittle of pleasure which might be hers. But at the same time he sorely distrusted this woman who was offering to give it to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Magic Mirrors and Burning Lenses.

The famous mirror which Ptolemy Evergetes caused to be placed in the Pharos at Alexandria belongs to the first class. This mirror is stated by ancient writers to have represented accurately everything which was transacted throughout all Egypt, both on water and on land. Some writers affirm that upon its surface an enemy's fleet could be seen at the distance of 600,000 paces; others say more than 100 leagues! Albulfeda, in his description of Egypt, states this mirror to have been of "Chinese iron," which Buffon considers to mean polished steel; but a writer in the *Philosophical Magazine*, 1805, supposes the metal to have been *lutenog*, a Chinese metallic compound, capable of receiving the highest polish. The existence of Ptolemy's mirror has, however, been generally treated as a fiction: but father Abbatt, in his *Amusemens Philosophiques*, first published at Marseilles in 1763, considers that it may have been at the time the only mirror of its kind, and, being a great wonder its effects may have been greatly exaggerated; making allowance for which, nothing remains "but that at some distance, provided that nothing is interposed between the objects and the mirror, those objects were seen more distinctly than with the naked eye; and that with the mirror many objects were seen which, because of their distance, were imperceptible without it."

It is certain, that under certain circumstances, objects may be seen at a much greater distance than is generally supposed. Thus it is stated that the Isle of Man is clearly visible from the summit of Ben Lomond, in Scotland, or 120 miles distant. Byrdone states, that from the summit of Ætna mountains 200 miles off may be distinguished; and, during his visit to Teneriffe in 1856, Mr. Piazzi Smyth saw objects at a much greater distance.

Burning-Mirrors have been celebrated on account of their size and extraordinary effects. One of these optical machines was the work of Stettala, a canon of Milan; it was parabolic, and, acting as a burning-glass, inflamed wood at the distance of fifteen or sixteen paces. Leonard Digges, in his *Pantometria*, 1571, states that "with a glasse framed by a revolution of a section parabolicall, I have set fire to powder half a mile and more distant." In the prosecution of this subject, the celebrated Napier and Sir Isaac Newton experimented with parabolic reflectors before 1673. Villette, an artist and optician of Lyons, constructed three mirrors, about the year 1670: one of these, which was purchased by the King of France, was thirty inches in diameter, and of about three feet focus. The rays of the sun were collected by it into the space of about one inch. It immediately set fire to the greenest wood; it fused silver and copper in a few seconds; and in one minute vitrified brick and flint earth. A mirror, superior even to these, was constructed by Baron von Tchirnhausen, about 1687; it consisted of a metal plate, twice as thick as the blade of a common knife; it was five feet three inches in breadth, and its focal distance was three feet six inches. It produced the following effects: wood, exposed to its focus, immediately took fire; copper and silver passed into fusion in a few minutes; and slate was transformed into a kind of black glass, which, when laid hold of with a pair of pincers, could be drawn out into filaments. Pumice-stone and fragments of crucibles, which had withstood the most violent furnaces, were also vitrified.

The burning lens constructed by Mr. Parker many years since, at an expense of upwards of $7,000, was of flint-glass, three feet in diameter, and weighed 212 pounds; the focal length between six feet eight inches, and the diameter of the focus one inch. To concentrate the rays still further, a second lens was used, and reduced the diameter of the focus to half an inch. Under this kind of lens every kind of wood took fire in an instant, whether hard or green, or even soaked in water. Thin iron plates grew hot in an instant, and then melted. Tiles, slates, and all kinds of earth, were instantly vitrified. Sulphur, pitch, and all resinous bodies, melted under water. Fir-wood, exposed to the focus under water, did not seem changed, but when broken, the inside was burnt to a coal. Any metal whatever, enclosed in charcoal, melted in a moment, the fire sparkling like that of a forge. When copper was melted, and thrown down quickly into cold water, it produced so violent a shock as to break the strongest earthen vessels, and the copper was entirely dissipated. Though the heat of the focus was so intense as to melt gold in a few seconds, yet there was so little heat at a short distance from the focus, that the finger might be placed an inch from it without injury. Mr. Parker having put his finger at the focus to try the sensation, found it not to resemble that produced by fire or a lighted candle, but like that of a sharp cut with a lancet.

☞ Queen Victoria having mourned for Prince Albert three years, the London Times tells her it is now quite time she should think of her subjects' claims and the duties of her station, and no longer indulge an unavailing grief.

☞ The Springfield Republican says the present high price of paper is brought practically before the customers of a certain store in that city by the price per pound for crackers—two cents cheaper to persons who bring baskets or the paper to wrap them in.

HAUNTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is such a strange, strange night
That I cannot sleep:
Perhaps it is the moonlight,
Or the wild wind's surging sweep.

For the wind raves; the moon shines,
And yet there is rain:
It is weird to see the moon
Look at you through the rain.

She has looked at me too long,
She has touched my head;
Else what makes me see faces
Long ago buried and dead.

O those faces! Why do they stare
With dead eyes at me!
O why did they leave their beds
Out under the grave-yard tree!

It must be the wind and rain,
And the white, weird moon
Have wakened them all to-night.
I fear they will not sleep soon.

Their eyes are so wide they seem
As if nevermore
Would they be able to close—
To sleep in peace evermore.

If the dead do not sleep well,
Who may hope for rest!
Is it false that the grave-clothes
Give peace to the tortured breast?

O if the moon would but set,
And the black rain cease,
Then these troubled ghosts mayhap
Would leave me to sleep in peace.

Pittsburg, Pa. LIZZIE MATTIERS.

ANTAGONISMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

I hate the girl who sings alto in our choir;—she almost spoils my Sundays. Our church is a beautiful one, high-arched, azure-roofed,—and pure saints' faces and little winged cherubs look down from every window, with great masses of ruby and purple color for a background. And when the deep-voiced organ is silent, and our rector rises to read the sweet solemn Bible words, there is something soul-compelling in it,—it makes one grow good and strong, I think. Then the anthems,—but there comes in the alto! Now, I have heard altos, low, clear, and powerful, with a rare sweetness in them, not like this at all; it is low, clear, and powerful to be sure, with something all pervading in it that can't be shaken off, but it is disagreeable, no delicacy, no sweet subtlety about it,—a very earthly alto. And I have a queer belief that souls which can disguise themselves utterly in common life and speech, will yet find betrayal in singing; so quiet Miss Moore, whom nobody knows—our soprano—when she renders her part in the singing in that lofty, thrilling, truthful way that her voice has, I do homage to her. And when the alto sounds with no sweetness and a little coarseness, which nevertheless attracts, I feel as if I must defend myself somehow from a foe.

Only yesterday morning I sat in church with Lou Winter, on one side, and Fred Brown on the other,—and I was looking up at a little winged head in the chancel window with its crimson heaven around it, till I felt as if I had wings too, and my soul sang Benedicite. But just then the choir began to sing it themselves, and the alto jarred on my peace. I looked around at Lou Winter, she did not once lift her earnest, gray eyes from her prayer-book. I looked at Fred Brown, and he was looking up into the singing-gallery! When we came out of church, the girl with the alto voice looked straight at Fred, and he at her. A few minutes after he asked carelessly:

"Who is the little black-eyed gipsy up in your choir?"

I did not feel like answering, and Lou said quietly:

"It is Miss Marian Wood. How do you like our church, Mr. Brown?"

And directly they began to discuss architecture.

If there is one thing in Lou Winter above another that I admire, it is her composure. Now I frown the minute I'm vexed, and say sharp bitter things to people I dislike, and I stand so straight and feel my eyes grow gloomy when there's the least thing to resent,—and I resent everything. I tear things too sometimes; upstairs in a box is a blue sash all in fragments, memento of a passion! But Lou, she's superior to everything; she looks a trifle sad or serious sometime, but she goes right on, and never lets people know when they kill her happiness. I don't know which way is best, we haven't either of us saved ourselves from sorrow,—we haven't either of us saved ourselves from Marian Wood!

My brother Will came home from college two years ago, my daring, impulsive, truthful brother Will! And he ought to have fallen in love with Lou, as when he was a boy he always declared he would do. I think Lou loved him then, but if I think so, it is not because she ever told me, only she never loved anyone else I am sure. I used to praise her to Will in my earnest, heedless way; he knew well enough what I meant, and laughed at me. "Lou is a pure pearl," I told him once. "Yes," he said, "but Marian is a dazzling ruby!"

Then it was Marian Wood first tangled the threads of my fate, and they are not free of her yet.

So Will would call on Marian three or four times in a week, and on Lou perhaps once. I was half vexed at Lou for not attracting him more, but she was too proud to contend with Marian.

That Summer we had an excursion, one lovely August day, a large party of us going in boats to a town a few miles down the river, for the sake of seeing a launch. Lou came to go with me, so Will carried our shawls, and he couldn't but look admiringly at the sweet little face so rosy and pretty under her straw hat. He was really quite devoted all the time we were sailing down the river. He made a throne for her on a great coil of rope upon the deck and threw himself at her feet, content to win now and then one of her bright, shy smiles.

"Come up here too, Ernie," he called down to me, and "come up here too," repeated Lou, so I climbed upon the deck, and laid my head against Lou, while I looked out on the river and thought vague little thoughts of my own.

"Miss Louise," Will said as he looked in her face, "what shall I do, what shall I be, now that my Alma Mater has withdrawn her leading strings?"

"Don't you know what you will be?" Lou questioned.

"Yea verily I know," he answered honestly, "but I wanted to see if you could be a true oracle when a man needed one."

"But the man doesn't need one."

"Nevertheless what shall I be?"

"Be a soldier," said Louise, "be an earnest man among men; fight with the old chivalric spirit for the honor of your country; help her to a nobler life."

"Yes, Will," I broke in, "be true and grand, don't let the world use your soul and throw it aside when they've spoiled it,—keep—"

"Now, my dear little sister," he said, kindly, "just go on with your silent dreamings, and don't interrupt us sensible people. So I must go to war, Miss Louise?"

"Now, what were you meaning to do, Oracle-seeker?"

"Go to war! and I thank you for reading my heart aright. I think I must choose you for my 'ladye,' for my inspiration. May I wear your colors in this great tournament?"

"I have no colors," said Lou, smiling, "I did not expect to meet a knight."

"This knot of blue ribbon would do"—he reached up towards the one her pearl pin held where it fastened her collar. "May I have the knot of blue ribbon?"

Lou unpinned it, but held it in her hand hesitatingly.

"Ah! you will not give without some fair return?" he said, half mockingly.

"Yes, I will," and she handed it to him straightway.

"I'll be a true knight, and you must be a true lady now," he said, with meaning. Lou blushed shyly.

Whether all this were jest or earnest, it sounded very pleasantly to me, though I only half listened, as I lay there with my head resting against Lou, and watching one of the other sail-boats which seemed to be trying to come up to us. If the wind and the steering both favored, it would pass quite near when we tacked again. One of the girls had taken the helm and seemed bent on reaching us.

"But it shall not be without a fair return," said Will, after a moment, drawing a ring with emeralds set in it from his watch-guard. "This I always meant for my ladye when I chose her. Take it."

"I cannot take it."

"Take it," he commanded, "at least keep it till I bring you back the blue ribbon and honor with it. Do you know the superstition of the emerald? When the giver breaks faith and is unworthy, its beautiful color all dies out, but as long as he is true it is bright and unchanging. So you see it's a sort of amulet. Now will you take it, ladye Lou?"

And she took it, just as that other boat came nearer and nearer, and Marian Wood at the helm, sang in her low, strong alto voice:

"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."

"Singing won't bring him, Marian Wood," I called out, triumphantly, but she tossed her head at me and laughed defiantly.

"What are you saying there, Ernestine?" said Will, sharply.

Just at that moment we tacked, which confused us all, and the other boat almost touched us. Marian Wood tossed her glove to Will, and called out:

"My glove, if you please, Mr. MacGregor!"

I wonder if that audacious creature really thought Will was going to desert us and leap over into that boat at her bidding.

At all events he did not, but he lifted the tiny gauntlet, and called back laughingly,

"I'll keep it for you till by-and-by, Marian."

She curled her lip with a sudden scorn, but the next moment replied—

"All right! just one hour from now, I want my glove."

And the wind drove our vessels apart. Lou was holding the ring out to Will again.

"I do not like superstitions," she said, "I am afraid of them, I am afraid the emerald will change."

"On the word of a knight, it shall never change," he promised earnestly.

So she let him slip it on her finger again, only as he did so, she asked, carelessly—

"What time is it, Mr. MacGregor?"

"MacGregor me no MacGregors," he said. "My name is Will, at your service. It is just ten o'clock."

Then she asked again, not quite so carelessly—

"Shall not I carry Miss Wood's glove for you? It must be in your way."

His eyes shone with sudden appreciation of her meaning, and he gave her the glove.

CHAPTER II.

On and on we sailed, by the woody banks and the little islands, hailing now and then some fisher in his boat, or some lingerer on the shore. I suppose the rest of our party enjoyed the sail too, but hardly as much as we three. Half the time we talked, and half the time we watched the waves, the sky, and the distant green trees.

But now the houses began to succeed one another more closely, bridges and wharves appeared, and soon we arrived at the ship-yard where the launch was to take place. One after another our boats came up, till at length we all stood, a merry party, on the shore, and Lou smiled in my face as I looked at her, and said,

"It's the happiest day I ever knew, Ernie."

Marian Wood was the last to spring to land, and she stood a little apart from the rest, toying with the leaves of a laurel bush.

"What time is it now?" Lou asked of Will.

"Just eleven."

And she glided from his side. In a moment she stood before Marian.

"Mr. MacGregor thinks you would like your glove, Miss Wood."

"Oh, thank you, Lou," said Marian, sweetly; "I deserved to have lost it for my heedlessness. Let me walk back with you to your friends, I want to speak to Ernestine."

It was the first time I ever saw Lou try to triumph over anyone, and I am sure she should be pardoned, for her triumph was short enough. Marian came back with her to us, and talked with me, till discouraged by my abrupt answers she turned her attention to Will. Now, if Lou had the spirit of a mouse, she would not have given her a chance to succeed—but Lou never will contend with such a person, and I can't say I like her the less for it. So she quietly withdrew a few steps, and watched the workmen who were still busy about the new yacht.

The captain soon called to us that we might come on board; and with many little shrieks and laughs and hesitations, we twenty young ladies climbed the ladder and walked the plank, politely aided by the gentlemen, till we all were safe on the new white deck of the pretty vessel. I saw the captain talking earnestly with Will, and after awhile they joined us.

"Captain Dick here is in a difficulty," said Will, lightly. "Vessels should be christened by the ones they're named for, and this yacht being called Calypso, he don't know where to find the fair heathen. Will not one of you ladies take the character for the nonce?"

Marian's eyes sparkled; evidently *she* would like the honor.

"Come, ladye Lou," said Will, unheeding her, "you'll be the enchantress, I'm sure, and break the bottle of wine as easily as you break hearts. You're really a Calypso, you know."

"I'm no one's Calypso," she said, sadly. "I am no enchantress, and I don't care about breaking the bottle of wine."

"Well then, Marian, will you be Calypso?"

"Yes; how splendid! I always liked her—please get the wine, captain—good-by, Ernie, good-by, Lou, I don't know you any more—I'm Calypso now, going to enchant Telemachus. Mercy on me, Will MacGregor, I never can get on that platform alone. Do help me up!"

So he assisted her up to her place, and once there found it not so easy to leave her. Her dark complexion glowed with rich, deep red—her hair was tossed back in a waving mass of curls, caught up with a scarlet ribbon. She laughed and talked incessantly, while her eyes did their best, sparkling, flashing with merriment and triumph, and then for a moment hiding behind their long black lashes in a semblance of shyness, only to blaze out the next instant more dazzlingly brilliant. I know not how she did it, but any woman can appreciate the fact, though she may not be able to explain it any better than I. In a very little while, Will ceased to look longingly back at us, and in a very little while more the sprig of laurel she had been carrying was twisted in his buttonhole, and he was evidently her cavalier for the rest of the day unless fate interposed.

And now came the great event, the launch. The last loud blow at the supports beneath was struck—the vessel started—and Marian, at the bow, breaking the bottle with a sudden crash, scattered the wine, and in her powerful voice cried out:—"I name thee Calypso." Will threw his arm around her at the first shock of starting, and now she leaned against him quite dependently, as they both stood full in sight of us all on the high portion of deck.

"That wine looks like blood," whispered Lou to me, shuddering.

"Curtain falls—tableau over—Calypso descend!" called out Captain Dick's cheery voice. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we will go down in the cabin and have some refreshments."

The crowd jostled along, and part were already down stairs, when I heard a low cry of pain from Lou, and stood myself for a moment paralyzed by a sudden noise and shock. A mast, insecurely planted, had fallen with such a pressure against it, and lay now a long, heavy arm of destruction right among us.

"Are you hurt, Lou darling?" I said as soon as I could speak.

"It is nothing," she replied quickly; "oh, Ernie, this is dreadful, what can we do?"

Two or three were found to be really injured at length—the rest were only frightened—and Lou, in her quiet way, was soon holding the head of one sufferer, and passing her salts to another, when quite a commotion was caused near us by my brother passing with Marian in his arms. She was not hurt, but had fainted.

Captain Dick was terribly distressed at such a catastrophe, and for awhile all was perplexity. At last it was concluded that the injured ones with a few friends should take one of our sail-boats and go directly home, while the rest of the party should stay and finish the day. Will had already placed Marian on the little upper deck, and stationed himself at her side, when Lou and I came down with the few homeward-bound ones, and soon we were all seated and making our way up the river again, a very still and serious party.

Marian, half recovered, rested her languid head on Will's overcoat, and kept her misty black eyes bent imploringly on him. My head ached, and I felt too provoked to talk, so I leaned against a heap of shawls and tried to dream the world all right again, while Lou talked pleasantly with some of the other girls in the boat. What a weary sail it was! it seemed as if we would never reach home, but at last at the little wharf we stopped, and disembarked. Will secured a carriage for Marian, placed her in it, and then came to ask if Lou and I would like to ride.

"Thank you," said Lou, "we will walk, will you carry my shawl?"

"Certainly, I'll give it you at our house," and darting off he sprang into Marian's carriage just as the driver was mounting the box.

Lou said scarcely a word on the way home, but she looked very pale, and when we reached the door she asked if she might have a glass of cold water. Half she drank, and half she threw on her arm drawing up the sleeve. Oh, my darling! there was a great discolored bruise, looking terribly painful, all along the fair white arm, where the falling spar struck as it fell, and she had never said one word.

I forbade her going home, I tried to drag her to my own room, but she would not yield.

"Let me go, let me go, Ernie," she pleaded, "I want my own home."

I would have gone with her, but there was Will coming up the street, her shawl on his arm, and he would be her escort; so I watched the two walk off together.

They did not talk much on the way, Will was thoughtful, Lou was cold—and when they paused at her gate, and Will said, "I shall enlist to-morrow, ladye Lou," she answered not a word, only looked down at her hand.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, I was looking to see if my emerald had changed color."

"But it has not!" he asserted confidently.

"Yes, the beautiful light has all died out." And very firmly she walked away from him and entered her own home.

CHAPTER III.

Will went to war. The regiment being nearly full when he enlisted was ordered off in a very few days. And he did not see Lou again, for she was ill all those days from the shock and injury received at the launch. Marian Wood he did see, and that often, and when I fretted about it and told him she was artful, and asked him whether he meant anything at all of what he had said to Lou, he only laughed and said: "Be very sure, little sister, I shall not tell you all I mean."

And now he was gone, dear, brave brother Will! I missed him, hoped for him, wept for him, every day, and yet, somehow, all the while there was a strange, sweet happiness creeping into my heart, and sending songs and smiles to my lips. For the last few months I had been shyly dreaming of Leonard Cleveland, scarcely knowing him, but from my distance imagining him indeed my hero! And now my hero was coming nearer and nearer—his visits were frequent, and all sorts of dainty little attentions, sweeter than spoken words, made me happier than Cleopatra when Antony was truest. Oh, how I loved him! I may as well say it, I can't bear concealment. Cleopatra dissolved her pearls in Antony's wine, didn't she? Well, one day I broke all the pearls out of the brooch Aunt Ellen gave me years ago, and I dropped them into a glass of wine and hid it away till evening. When Leonard came and was going again I gave it to him.

"Wine for me, Ernie? happiness to you then!" and he drank it.

"Why! what are these little gray stones in the bottom of the glass?" he exclaimed.

"My pearls," I whispered, ashamed.

He stood still a moment, amazed. Then winding his arm about me he said:

"Ernie, Ernie, my darling child, keep your pearls to yourself, keep your sweet soul to yourself. No man's life is a wine rich enough to deserve such treasure!"

Oh, what of mine in the wide world would I not have laid at his feet!

Next day he brought me a ring, with one great, white moony pearl in it, filmy-eyed.

"This is only a half-engagement ring, Ernie, will you take it?" he said. "I would not so wrong you as to ask the promise of your whole life and heart now,—not till you know me better. Some day I shall ask you to wear another ring for my sake. But let this be a little link between us, Ernie. Last night you gave me a love-philter, you understand!"

So the pearl made proud "the fingers of this hand wherewith I write."

This half-engagement was to be secret of course. My cup of happiness was too full, too sweet,—and now Marian Wood must mingle a little poison in it.

We all met at a large party a few nights after; a very large party, one of the crowded kind, where one keeps losing and finding people in all sorts of unexpected ways. It was a brilliant scene; promenading, music, dancing, with a great many little by-plays, tragic and comic. Mine was tragic.

Leonard had soon found me out, and we walked up and down the rooms, till at length we paused to enter a curtained recess. There stood Marian Wood, though two minutes before I am convinced I saw her three rooms off, cornered in the library by prosy Mr. Linnett. But here she stood, calm, still, lustrous! She greeted me with a sweet "Good evening, Ernie," then turning eagerly to Leonard, exclaimed:

"You love pictures, Mr. Cleveland? There is a rare one in here; I have been longing for some one to come and admire it."

He dropped my arm, and turned to look.

"I have lost my bunch of pansies, Leonard," I said, moving as if I must go at once to find them.

"Pansies? they're for thoughts," laughed Marian, "and it's all in order to lose one's thoughts here, isn't it, Mr. Cleveland? Don't try to find your thoughts, Ernie, they'll only vex you! Now isn't that picture perfect, Sir Connoisseur?"

I grew hateful in my heart. I think my eyes glared at Marian, but she didn't care. I saw she had gained Leonard's attention, and I darted away.

Lou Winter observed all this, and tried to help me, I think. At all events, she stepped up to Marian, and said:

"Miss Wood, my cousin whom you spoke of yesterday is here, and wishes to know you. May I introduce him?"

"Not now," Marian retorted. "I don't care to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance just now. By the way, Lou, when did you hear last from the Potomac? I had a letter yesterday."

Then looking saucily, with the concentrated essence of mischief sparkling in her wonderful eyes, up at Leonard, she said, "Lou Winter wants to get me away from you, but she can't. Isn't it sad?"

"Miss Winter would not have me deserted, I trust," he said merrily. "Why, where's Ernie? Shall we go to find her, Miss Marian?"

Lou quietly retreated.

Marian took Leonard's arm confidingly, and led the search in the opposite direction to that which she had seen me take.

Meanwhile, off in a little balcony I stood, looking up at the cold, stern stars. I felt desperate, ungovernable; with so little cause, too! But you see I had never been taught self-control. I only held my throat with my hand to keep down the sobs. While the music and the dancing still went on, and I had to hear it all. Once it was the Spanish dance. I felt sure they two were together in it, and I knew how beautiful he would think Marian's lithe form, and her long black tresses waving in this most graceful of dances.

At the piano, at length, some one sang the "Erl-King," the wild, sad, witching German air. A sweet, sweet voice sang it, but in a moment Marian's alto clashed in, uncalled-for. I put my fingers in my ears.

"Why, Ernie, where are you? I've been looking everywhere! Dear child, you look tired. Come, one dance with me, and then we will go home."

It was Leonard. His face, his eyes, looked earnest and true still. Perhaps I was not heart-broken after all. I caught at his hand, and we passed into the parlors again.

We took our places in the new set, and gave ourselves up to the graceful, undulating motion of the Lancers. As I returned from some movement alone on the other side, a malicious face flashed over Leonard's shoulder, and lifting herself on tip-toe, she said: "I'm taller than you, Leonard Cleveland!" By such trifles as this did Marian win and keep power.

At length the dance was over, the farewells said, the carriage was at the door, and now, I thought, at last I shall be alone with Leonard, and everything will come right. But as we were delayed a moment at the door, down from the dressing-room hastily stepped Marian, cloaked and hooded.

O, Ernie, O, Mr. Cleveland! won't you let me go with you? I have no escort, and I can't possibly wait for this party to be over, I'm so weary now!" And she looked up piteously.

I looked straight at her, but uttered not a word. Leonard was surprised, and to atone for my rudeness, said very pleasantly: "Certainly, Miss Marian, with the greatest pleasure." And we all entered the carriage.

My home was nearest, so they left me there. Leonard whispered as he handed me out: "I'll step in just one minute as I come back, dear, to say good-night." Then the door closed with a bang, and they were driven off.

I sat in the parlor waiting. Ten minutes surely, I thought, would bring him back, and then I could tell him all my haunting fears, and he would banish them forever. But the little French clock on the mantel chimed the half hour, and the hour, and he had not come. Every sound of wheel or foot-fall in the street set my heart bounding. It seemed as if I could hear for whole blocks distant. Two or three times I opened the hall door, and looked out. Then I made myself sit quietly down and counted, counted ten minutes more. And then the thought rushed so bitterly into my mind that wherever he was, he was probably with Marian, and perhaps she had planned it all; it was unbearable. The broad blue ribbon of the sash about my waist hung against my hand. Slowly, strongly, with both hands I grasped it, and tore it again and again, till the countless blue fragments lay in heaps about me. Those are the pieces I keep now in that box up stairs I told you about, for a memory. That did not bring him. At last, in utter impotence, I threw myself down, and wept, till exhausted I must have fallen asleep; for when I opened my eyes again, the gray dawn was peeping through the eastern windows, and cold and frightened, I crept to my own room, where the waiting light still burned dim and blue.

Was I so very wrong? I suppose I must have been. Distrustful, proud, violent, resentful, certainly I had shown myself. But remember that was always my way, and for years no parents had been near to tell me it was wrong. And such scenes as this seldom happened; for whole months together everything would go on beautifully, and I would feel so sweet and calm and dignified, just like my favorites in books. But then some baseness, some treachery, or what looked like it, would be sure to meet me, and then, then,—O, I can understand what the old Berserker madness was!

Next morning Leonard came. I can hardly tell what happened; he was sorry to have disappointed me last night, but had to return to the party with Miss Wood for a bracelet she had lost, or something of that kind; and then it was so late, he supposed I would not wait. The moment he finished, I told him all, all! the whole torrent of my troubled feeling, and then I looked up timidly in his face. It was dark; he was angry with me. I had not thought he would be angry with me. But one never knows how a man will receive such things. I suppose he thought my conduct implied reproaches to him which he did not deserve. He spoke coldly, and blamed me for unreasonable jealousy.

Leonard to blame me! It was very hard. I felt faint and tired, and clung to the arm of the sofa for support. He grew kinder as he watched me, and said sadly:

"Ernie, Ernie, you must conquer these gloomy dispositions, or you will break both our hearts."

"*Please* never speak to her again, Leonard."

"Now, see how unreasonable you are," he said, laughing. "Of course I shall speak to her again. Indeed, I promised to call there this morning."

And he went.

CHAPTER IV.

Some time after, Will came on a furlough—bright, handsome, cheery; scolded me for looking pale, and proceeded at once to renew his acquaintance with all his young lady friends. He went to Lou's first—she was not at home—and then, in the course of the day, he called on Marian. She was excessively cordial, and when he left, said she was just going out herself, and perhaps he might accompany her a little way. So of course he did, and of course they must meet Lou, who looked at them calmly as a Madonna as she passed.

Next morning a little three-cornered note, in Marian's writing, came to Will. He read it and threw it aside on the table.

"The little Wood is mistress of her art," he said.

"Oh! Will, Will!" I exclaimed, "*do* understand that girl; *do* realize that she is not really beautiful nor nice at all."

"I know who *is* beautiful and nice," he answered, "and that is your friend Miss Winter. I wonder if she wears my emerald ring, Ernie?"

"No," I answered honestly—"she only wears a plain gold ring."

Just then who should come in but Lou herself. She blushed a little at sight of Will, but was calm and sweet, as usual.

"Well, Miss Louise, haven't you some good word for a soldier?"

"I wish you everything good, Mr. MacGregor."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then will you tell me what color emeralds are."

"Any color but emerald color," she said, looking straight at the note on the table directed in Marian's writing. He raised his head a little proudly.

"You young ladies do not know true stones from false, I think."

And he left the room.

"Oh, Lou," I said, "Will does not care at all for that Marian Wood."

"That does not concern me, darling."

How much dignity Lou has!

A few days after, Will came into the house, and throwing himself down on the sofa by me, exclaimed:

"Ernestine, your instincts about Marian Wood have been true all the time, and I used to think you so prejudiced! How easily we men are fooled," he added meditatively.

I could hardly help laughing at the dear honest fellow, as I asked him how he had grown so suddenly wise.

"Well," he said, "before I went away, I used to call there quite often, and I felt like taking her part against you all, for she used to look up at me so sadly and pleadingly sometimes when we were alone, her eyes tenfold beautiful, so soft and lustrous through the unshed tears. And she would tell me how lonely she felt, and how few friends she had, till I would have gone through fire and water to serve her. But I called there this morning, and as the servant let me find my own way in, I came upon her un-

aware. There she sat looking up into Leonard Cleveland's face, with dewy beseeching eyes, her hand in his, telling him how much she needed friends! The same old story! Bah! I saw through her in a moment then, and made my call a short one, leaving Leonard to be fool in my place!"

"I hate her, Will."

"Hush, little sister! I would not so soil my thoughts. Has she ever done you any harm?" he asked suddenly.

"No," I said with an effort. I had made up my mind to be calm, and superior to things, like Lou.

"Will's furlough of ten days soon passed. He had been so loving and kind to me during this visit, that I clung to him as to a strong protector. It would seem so desolate with him away, for Leonard, still my love, was no longer my happiness. His calls were rare now, and when he came, though very kind, he made me feel somehow that I was weak and childish, and I did not know what to do with such a feeling as that."

The last afternoon of the furlough, Will came suddenly rushing into the house, followed rather hesitatingly by a young gentleman I had never seen before.

"Here's a protector for you, Ernie, while I'm gone away. Here's cousin Max Tudor come to Pelham to while away a few months, sketching and painting. Prepare to be friends! Sister Ernie, cousin Max!"

And the new Max gracefully greeted me, while Aunt Ellen (I don't mention her very often because there's nothing to say about her) settled her spectacles on her nose and eagerly began:

"So you're Max Tudor, are you?—grandson of Aunt Esther—she that married Max Douglas, and her second daughter married a Tudor, I heard, away off in York state. And you've come back to the old stock? Well! well!"

Here Max, whose eyes had been wandering meanwhile to the few pictures on the walls, looked round in her face, with so bright a smile, that her heart was won at once and forever.

The end of it was, Will went that night, and Max took his vacant room. A new thread began to weave into the tapestry of my life, and that a golden one. This new cousin, this artist, was just one's ideal of an artist, with his wavy brown locks, his keen gray eyes, with their bright conquering look, and every feature so clear cut, so expressive of nobility and refinement. A waif upon the world, yet smiling in the face of Fate.

A few walks, a few talks, made us firm friends, and I even dared to confide to him several of my pet dreams and special prejudices. We were looking at my photograph album one evening, and I was telling him which of the faces in it he would probably meet, and which he would probably admire. We came to Marian's.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Lamia, Medusa!" I answered vengefully. "*Don't* like her, Max! Every man does. You be greater, then, than them all. *Don't* like her, Max?"

And I looked at him pleadingly. Oh, if some one would only not yield to Marian!

"No man can serve two masters, and I mean to serve you, Ernie," he answered kindly. "But you interest me in this girl, and I'm afraid I must tell you I have already met her, though I cannot claim her acquaintance yet."

My looks were questions.

"It was this afternoon, as I walked up and down in the square for amusement. She passed me several times, and each time was noticeable either for laugh, speech or manner. It might be accident, but I've learned suspicion in my wanderings, and when she dropped her handkerchief, a spirit of mischief made me snatch it from the Irish woman who picked it up, and myself restore it to her. She thanked me most graciously. I hastened on, and did not notice her when we met again."

Just then the bell rang, and a moment after entered the identical Marian. I introduced Max to her; he bowed slightly, and resumed his examination of my album. She, on her part, did not seem to think of him at all, though she chose her seat where the light fell on her scarlet cape and dark gipseyish face in the way an artist could not help appreciating.

Her errand, she said, was to borrow a book she understood I owned. Leonard Cleveland had told her, and recommended the reading of it. Aurora Leigh! Would I lend it to her for a few days?

Aurora Leigh! Mrs. Browning's Aurora! My dearest of books, given me by Leonard too, and already the intimate of my inmost soul. How could I bear to have it touched by her fingers? But then Leonard wished it—anything for Leonard's sake! So I laid my book mutely in her hands.

She chatted on gayly for awhile, then rose to go, lingering over the farewell words, and glancing once or twice at Max. At last the door closed behind her.

"You delightful Max!" I exclaimed, "not to notice her—not to go home with her!"

"She came to *see you*," he said—"not *me*. And it could not be more dreadful to go than to come alone, though perhaps I ought to have offered my services—but, Ernie," he added with enchanting *naivete*, "I was *so* sleepy!"

This dear invulnerable cousin!

So on the sofa he reclined luxuriously, and I read him to sleep with the fanciful melody of the "Culprit Fay."

Next day Leonard called, the shadow still between us, though each heart questioned the other through sad eyes. But our words did not hint this. I had been thinking it all over, and really could not feel myself so weak and unreasonable as he had said. Strength and dignity rallied round me, and while he was cold and proud, I was colder and prouder. So the miserable interview ended, and we both were unsatisfied. The shadow grew darker between us.

In a week Marian brought back my book. I had some queer black spicy sticks of Japanese incense given me by an old captain once. I laid them on the stove, and held the book a few minutes in the strong purifying perfume they exhaled. Then I carried it out into the garden, and left it the rest of the day on the grass, in the sunshine and fresh air. At night it received its old place again upon my table.

CHAPTER V.

It is really delightful to have an artist in one's household. He introduces an element somewhat alien, somewhat superior, to the common worldly deeds and words which are too often our best. The beautiful and forcible thoughts of all ages are his friends, and fill his mind with continual pictures, and his canvas with an occasional creation that startles the world like a revelation. I think a true artist is a great gift to his friends. Certainly Max was such to us. I had of course read the "Faery Queen," the Legends of King Arthur's Court, Percy's Reliques, and Tennyson's Idyls. I had thought them beautiful, and felt perhaps a secret satisfaction in being able to appreciate them. But, O how mean and poor my understanding of them seemed when Max flashed over them the light of his vivid imagination and perfect conception. Now, these poems, these ballads, these legends, are to me not only a paradise of sweet thought and sweet melody, but they are also as long galleries of rare beautiful pictures, where I behold stately tournaments, knights in flashing armor, fair ladies, tall old forests, fleeing nymphs, laughing fawns, elfs and fairies and demons—everything grand, lovely, witching, and weird. And all over the house, here and there and everywhere, in seen and unseen nooks and corners, lay bits of sketches, rough pencillings, papers with a few inky lines on them apparently, which, held off a little and glanced at, show you in perfection some bold head, some mysterious face, or some horribly suggestive imp or serpent. So Max came in the glory of his youth, with his easel, his palette, and his beautiful dreams—a special gift of Heaven, I think, to our household.

These long hours of waiting, when Leonard would not come, the fierce indignation, the desolation, had exhausted passion, as some worn-out volcano, with dead ashen crater and forgotten fires, lets the sun shine and the flowers bloom upon it. Max was sun and flowers.

One day we were invited to join a party of about a dozen, in a long walk to Witch Cliff, a wild delightful spot a little way out in the country. We were to meet at Helen Gale's. When Max and I arrived there, only a few of the company had assembled, but among the rest was Marian Wood. I had not known she was invited. Perhaps I had an absurdly exaggerated idea of her spells and charms, but I certainly watched in nervous trepidation whether Max would leave his corner for her sake. But he did not, and when at last we started, he quietly took his place at my side.

Marian at a little distance, I thought watched us. "This one she shall not win," I said in my heart, so I strove to be very brilliant, witty and wonderful myself, that Max might not care to leave me. I hummed snatches of gay songs, made saucy bright speeches, told queer little fanciful stories full of odd conceits, till Max declared he would not change partners with anyone in the company, though I was his cousin!

Arrived at Witch Cliff, we all sat down to rest under the overhanging rocks, great gray masses, which the moss and vine had grown disheartened in trying to hide from sight. Max and I, seated side by side, were imagining a Dryad in every tree, when a sudden fancy seized me as I looked down at the grass at my feet.

"I'll weave you a true love-knot, Max!" I exclaimed.

And he watched me, smiling, while I pulled the green blades and tried to bend them together in that mysterious way which only the initiated understand. But the grass was short and stubborn and kept breaking in my fingers.

"Wait here," Max said, "I'll gather you some on that green bank."

So he left me, and that very moment Marian, who but she?—came and sat down in his place beside me.

"What *are* you doing, Ernestine MacGregor?" she questioned.

"Making something for Max," I answered shortly.

And as Max came up with a handfull of long, perfect grass, she looked at him, laughing, and said, with a mischievous flash of her black eyes—

"I've taken your place, Mr. Tudor, but I don't care, I'm going to keep it!"

"You're welcome," he said; "here Ernie, this will do better, won't it?"

So I wove the green grass in and out, till the true love-knot was done, and he reached his hand for it, still standing before me.

"Give me a pin too, Ernie, I'm going to wear it for a badge, it's charming!"

And he fastened it on the left side of his coat.

"Right over your heart," laughed Marian, maliciously; "I'm going to make one too. May I look at yours for a pattern, Mr. Tudor?"

"Certainly."

But he did not take it *off*, he only folded his arms, and stood there before us like a young Apollo as he was.

So Marian slowly wove the grasses in and out, at every motion looking up at him, and he looked down at her, critically, observingly, with his artist eye noting her lithe grace, her torrent of wavy tresses, her matchless, wondrous eyes. There was a curious smile on his lips as he looked.

"There! isn't this a true love-knot? as charming as Ernie's?" she said, handing it to him, and half turning away. Did she expect him to keep it, to enthrone it above mine, perhaps, or to give it a warmer resting-place?

He looked at it carelessly, then giving it back to her, said—

"Very nice, Miss Marian. And now, Ernie, shall we go look for the Dryads?"

So, toying with the long ribbons on my hat, he led me away from all, from her! And we hunted for fairy rings in the grass, and acted, impromptu, a little drama of Merlin and Vivien, I drawing circles about him, and muttering mystic sentences, but Merlin would not be enchanted, and suddenly springing up—we were near a stream—he leaped over upon a large rock in the middle of the current where I could not follow. So I sat on the bank, and to please him sang little songs to the waves and Nalads. Till at length our party were all called together again, and in the purple twilight we wandered home.

"Max," I said, that evening, as he sat at the table, idly sketching with a pen the dearest little grim imp, all curled up to keep from falling, riding through the sky in the crescent of the young moon—

"Max," I said, "you were so good not to take the knot from Marian Wood!"

"Why?" and he opened his eyes at me wonderingly.

"I don't like her, I don't like her, she frightens me when she comes near me, she always spoils my pleasures. Don't ever call on her, Max, don't ever like her!"

"Nonsense, Ernie," and he sketched on meditatively, making the little imp hideous with a grin on its face.

Now, how foolish I was to talk to him so, and arouse his interest in this girl!

By-and-by he looked up at me again.

"Ernie, this Miss Wood," (he *had* been thinking of her then,) "must have done you some great injury to make you feel so towards her."

"Oh, no," I answered, deceitfully.

He did not seem to notice my answer, and said nothing more. At length the imp was finished, thrown into my hands, and he began to walk about the room aimlessly, now and then stopping to let his hand play idly over the piano-keys in some wild strain of his own improvising—now and then pausing before some portrait or landscape picture,—till at length he lingered near my own little book-table, taking up one book after another, and rapidly turning the leaves. Many of them Leonard had given me in those days, really so little while ago, but which seemed separated from me by a gulf of ages. On the blank leaf of these book was in every case written, "Ernestine from L. C."

At last Max took his hat to go out; and passing me as I bent over my work, just touched my cheek with his hand, a sweet little caressing motion that filled my heart with content all the rest of the evening.

"Come home soon, Max," I called after him.

"Oh, yes, Ernie!"

But he didn't come home soon, not till nearly midnight. I was half asleep when I heard his step on the veranda. Next morning as he was preparing his palette for the day's work of beautiful coloring, he asked in an indifferent manner,

"Ernie, is Mr. Cleveland a great friend of Marian Wood?"

"Yes," I said with an effort; then trying to be very natural, asked, "Why? what makes you think so, Max?"

"Oh, only I met him there last evening."

"Oh, Max, were you at Marian Wood's!"

"Yes, I dropped in there for awhile; she's a very entertaining girl to call on."

Max gone over to the enemy! What did I do but burst into tears!

"Ernie, you are very foolish," he said, a little sternly; "if I had known you would have cared so much, I would not have told you."

That didn't mend matters much. He did not say he would not have gone, only he would not have told me. So I marched off to my own room, and was not agreeable again till dinner-time. I wonder if I shall ever learn self-control. It's policy to do it, that's evident, for mankind don't seem to care the least bit for all a woman's little pet feelings, fancies, and prejudices.

CHAPTER VI.

One evening Lou Winter came in for a long, cosy chat. It was late in autumn now, and we were glad to hover over the fire, and talk over all sorts of little things, "like other womens talk," as the Dutchman said. Max was not at home, Aunt Ellen was in her own room, so we gave ourselves up to the luxury of an hour's gossip, none of it very important, till Lou said—

"Oh, Ernie, have you seen Mr. Cleveland lately?"

"No, not for a moon and a half."

"Well, you should have seen him as I did yesterday. He was standing in Burnett's door, when your cousin went by with Marian Wood, (oh, Max!) and she scarcely looked at Leonard, just bowed a very little and very haughtily, while she went on talking to your cousin, and said in her inimitable manner, so distinctly that Leonard heard, and I heard, 'Why have I never known you before, Max Tudor?' Leonard Cleveland set his teeth hard, and muttered 'Hypocrite,' then turning suddenly, he saw me, you know we were always friends, and said before he thought, 'That girl will have men's souls to answer for some day!'"

Here was food for thought. It made my heart ache a little to think of dear Max getting entangled, but then it had made Leonard find her out. Still, not even to save Leonard, would I have lost this Max with his lofty dreams and chivalric soul.

A little lull ensued in our talk. I sat looking meditatively into the red embers of the dying fire, while Lou idly hummed the old air:

"Oh what can the matter be, what can the matter be,
That Johnny's so long at the fair?
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon,
To tie up my bonnie brown hair."

When a sudden loud ringing of the bell brought us both to our feet.

"Who can it be?" Lou asked.

The bell rang again.

Without waiting for the servant to answer it, I sprang to the door, thoroughly startled, and there, helpless, supported by two men, I saw my brother Will.

"Only wounded in the shoulder, miss," said one of the men, "but he's fainting, the cars and the carriage have shaken him so."

"Oh, Will, my darling brother?" I exclaimed, throwing my arms about his neck. Lou stood before us pale as death, but perfectly calm, and she said to the men,

"Bring him in here, please, and lay him on the sofa.

Tenderly they carried their half-unconscious burden, and laid him down. Lou putting the pillow carefully under his head. Then they withdrew. I ran to summon Aunt Ellen.

Meanwhile Lou used up all my bottle of "Tuberose" perfume, bringing the dear fellow back to himself, but her presence was the best restorative, I think; and when I hastened in again, her hand was in his, and there was such a glad look of welcome in his eyes as he raised them up to her.

"Lou, Lou, I have loved you so long," he said, unmindful of me.

She bent over him with a sweet, sure smile of love.

"What color are emeralds?" he whispered.

Slowly, and still with that sweet, sure smile of love, she looked down at her hand, and turned a ring round upon her finger. And now I saw that what I had thought all this time a plain gold ring, was really the fatal emerald, which she had worn turned inward, utterly concealed. Will watched the movement.

"Emerald color, true and beautiful," she said softly.

So now these two dear people were coming out right after all; and when Aunt Ellen came in to take care of her patient, she told him he looked so bright and happy, she could hardly believe him hurt at all.

But it had been a terrible battle, and many brave heroes had fallen, and of the wounded, few had Will's good fortune to come straight home for tender care and nursing. His wound, though painful, was not dangerous, and in a few days he was walking all about our little town, calling on all his old friends. But on Marian Wood he did not call—not once while his furlough lasted.

I wish I *could* say the same of Max. I don't know how often he met her, but if ever he was out of an evening, or late to dinner or tea, I always had a feeling that she was the reason. But I never could question him somehow, for he had such a graceful, negligent, provoking way of setting all questions at naught, and never satisfying curiosity. One evening I asked in the most natural manner possible:

"Max, did you step at the post-office on your way home?"

Now the post-office was situated between our house and Marian's, not between our house and his studio. So you see the artfulness of my question.

He flashed such a mischievous look at me as he answered:

"Oh! Ernie, Ernie! don't you wonder if I did?"

I should have been half vexed, only one never could be even half vexed with this bright, winning Max.

Max delighted in sunshine—sunny days were his by right—but I liked the stormy days best, for then he would not feel like painting, and would stay at home all day, sketching little things for me, dreaming on the sofa, or letting me read to him wild German stories, or old weird legends. Ah! those were the fairy days of my life! Will they ever come any more, I wonder. Max is in Europe now. What will he be when he comes back? What shall I be?"

One such stormy day I had been reading "Christabel" to him. As I closed the book, at length, I asked:

"Do you know whom Geraldine makes me think of?"

"Yes, Marian," he answered promptly; "and, Ernie, it's a very silly idea of yours, too. It's well enough in an artistic point of view—effective, you know. But *really*, it is doing her too much honor. She isn't worth it."

"But, Max!" I exclaimed, delighted, "I thought you admired her."

"No," he answered indifferently; "but she's a very entertaining girl. I'm not ready to fall in love with anybody yet; that is a very different thing. Meanwhile I want to be entertained, and so I call on Marian. I had another reason, too, but that I will not tell you."

And he would not, though I guessed and wondered. But he laid his hand on my shoulder with a caressing, protecting motion that brought vividly to my mind that evening long ago, when he just touched my face so gently as he passed out. That evening!—those books, Leonard's gifts, which he had examined!—his question next morning!—all flashed through my mind like lightning, and a sure instinct told me that to reveal Marian's true character to Leonard, he had done all this, thinking, perhaps, so to secure his cousin's happiness! I sat awhile, silenced by the thought. I hardly knew whether I liked it or not. But of course I did. If a sudden fancy thrilled my heart, that Max was better and dearer than a thousand Leonards, I drove the fancy away. Leonard was the love of my life—a love enwrought with every thread of my fate.

But Marian!—Max really did not care for her! Hurra! He had foiled her with her own weapons!

A few days after, being near Max's studio, I stepped in. He was very busy at his easel, trying to give expression to the face of a very expressionless child. I wandered about the room, turning canvasses around, picking up sketches and peeping into portfolios, when in came Marian Wood, with a privileged air, as if she knew the way.

"Max Tudor, why didn't you keep your promise last evening?"

"Couldn't," he answered laconically.

"Keep it to-night, then," she commanded regally.

"I believe Ernie and I are going somewhere together this evening," replied this disobedient Max. "Aren't we, Ernie?"

She had not noticed me before, but with admirable ease she left Max and came towards me.

"Ah, Ernie! you here! How fortunate! Now, with you to watch me, I'm sure Mr. Tudor will let me look over his portfolios. I've wanted to so long; they must have such lovely things in them. Who knows but we are there ourselves?" And she opened the largest. I did not exactly like to see her turning over Max's pictures, but he did not care, so I watched her as she suggested, and saw the pictures too.

There were choice engravings, bits of water-color, sketches of Max's own, finished and unfinished, with all sorts of ideas in them—beautiful, grotesque, horrible. There was St. Agnes' Eve, with the Evil One leering up behind the lovely maiden, appalling her with undefined terror, as she moves timidly backward toward her couch. There was Hawthorne's Hilda, her pure sweet face lit up by the candle she carries, as she lights the tapers before the altar. There was a tall, dark cliff, mantled by gloomy trees, and at the base, its dread form half undistinguishable among the high rank grass, lay the dead body of some fallen man. And there was Lancelot on the shore, looking sadly upon the boat on which white, dead Elaine came floating down, shrouded in her golden hair, with the lily in one hand and the scroll in the other.

Marian was critical in respect to pictures; she had good taste, and she was charmed.

"Your cousin is wonderful!" she exclaimed in breathless delight.

At length we opened a side compartment in the portfolio, and drew out three finished sketches. Max, noticing us, half sprung up from his easel, but then, checking himself, resumed his painting with the queerest of expressions on his face.

There were three scenes from Coleridge's Christabel, the poem I had read to Max a few days before. In the first, Geraldine, richly clad, cowered beneath the oak, while Christabel, her hands still clasped from her half-said prayer, looked purely, pityingly down. In the second, Christabel on her couch, with wide, frightened eyes, watched Geraldine malignantly revealing her hideous deformity, her face all changed by marks of sin. And in the third there was Geraldine again, surpassingly beautiful, charming the grim old knight, but with such a world of malice in her eye, as she glanced sideways at the shuddering Christabel.

In every case the features of Geraldine were the features of Marian Wood!

I glanced timidly at Marian—in that moment I pitied her. She drew her breath hard, she turned red, she turned white. Then walking straight up to Max, she gave him a dreadful look, which he met half mischievously, half defiantly.

"Max Tudor," she said, "you think you know me! Perhaps some day you will know me better?"

And she swept out of the room.

"Tragic!" laughed Max. "But it was too bad! I did not mean to have her see them. All owing to your silly notion about her, Ernie. But wasn't it tragic?"

"Max," I uttered, recovering speech, "I am afraid she will poison you!"

"Oh, no, Ernie—she won't care by to-morrow. She wasn't much fiercer than you were that morning, after I called on her first, and you thought me gone over to the enemy." And he laughed in my face.

So we walked home together. And, after all, I am afraid I took a little wicked pleasure in what had happened.

Next time I met Marian, she was just as pleasant as ever. I don't trust her, you know.

Since then, Max has gone to the old world, to study art in Germany and Rome. Heaven bless him, and make all his great dreams come true! Lou and Will are going to be married next week, and that is why Will's friend, Fred Brown, has come to stay with us, to be the bridegroom's "best man" on the occasion.

As for me, I am waiting. Last week, one day, Leonard met me on the street. He looked in my face sadly, drearily. I think he would like to have his "child Ernie" back again. Next time I meet him it shall be with ungloved hand, that he may see the one pearl, my half-engagement ring, upon my finger. For if he has not been all true to me, I myself, once for a moment, let a thought of mine wander from him.

What can Marian Wood do more?

How Royalty and Aristocracy in England Write.

The higher circles of English society cultivate penmanship with care and success. The Queen's handwriting is beautiful—flowing, and elegant, and feminine. Prince Albert's biographer compares the Prince to Goethe, who "would take inordinate pains even in writing a short note, that it should be admirably written. He did not understand the merit of second best, but everything that was to be done must be done perfectly." The Prince Consort took the greatest interest in the calligraphy of his children, and few young people write more elegantly, and at the same time more distinctly, than the princes and princesses of England. Lord Palmerston's writing is free, firm, and, considering his great age, by no means obscure. Lord Derby writes a capital hand—at once elegant and legible—an aristocratic hand, if there be such a thing. Earl Russell's is a smaller and more feminine hand, yet clear as his expositions of constitutional law, and as inclusive in its style as some of his despatches are biting, though rash, in matter. Mr. Cobden's handwriting is round, bold and commercial—the hand of one who began life as a junior clerk in days when good penmanship was perhaps the rule rather than the exception, among schoolboys of any ambition. Mr. Bright's is a somewhat smaller hand, rapid and flowing, yet legible. Mr. Gladstone's is a hurried and impetuous hand, the writing of a man whose thoughts flow so thick and fast that they outstrip the pen. Yet he holds the quill in a firm grasp, and his letters are large and well formed. The Duke of Newcastle's long, well-formed and very distinct letters, would perhaps gain him the prize for caligraphy among living statesmen; yet his penmanship is inferior to that of the late Marquis of Wellesley, who wrote, perhaps, the best hand of his day. Every one remembers how plain and distinct were the notes beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments," although every one may not be aware that many of the communications so highly prized by autograph collectors were written by the Duke's secretary.—*London Saturday Review.*

THACKERAY ON SATIRE.—"I suppose we all begin by being too savage," he says in a letter to a friend. "*I know one who did*," meaning himself. "As for Swift," he once wrote to his friend Mr. Hannay, "you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power as much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty, shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred; and, when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind ways, I think, rather than the cruel ones."

☞ A negro female servant in Newport, R. I., while shaking a carpet on Saturday, fell out of a window thirty-eight feet high. She lay stunned for awhile, but finally got up, picked up the carpet, and crossed the street to a dressmaker's shop, where she stood gazing at the fashionable bonnets in the window for some time, occasionally rubbing the back of her head; after which she returned to the house and calmly resumed her carpet manipulations.

☞ In Paris the cat is the most useful of all domestic animals. The skin makes kid gloves, the fur makes squirrel muffs, and the flesh makes rabbit pies.

☞ Francis P. Blair, Sr., together with his son, Montgomery Blair, returned from the Army of the Potomac recently. Gen. Grant not having authority from the President or Secretary, was unwilling to pass them through our lines on their proposed visit to Richmond. Thus ends, for the present, the latest peace mission.

☞ BAD NEWS FOR THE UNHAPPY MATED.—Indiana has been always considered the paradise of unhappily mated couples, for there they could go and get unmarried a half an hour after setting foot in the state. This is not so now. The divorce laws have been changed, and now a year's residence is required before an application for divorce can be considered.

☞ When a gentleman in China feels desirous of taking unto himself a wife, he sends to the paternal head of some family containing daughters for specimens of the sizes of their feet, with the prices attached. One foot is valued at perhaps $2,000, the next smallest at $5,000, and so forth, according to the market. After the foot (of the lady to whom it belongs,) is chosen, she is sent in a sedan chair to the intended husband's house; he meets her at the door, looks into the vehicle to take a view of the fair one, and if she suits his taste he admits her. As soon as she passes his threshold she becomes his lawful wife, but if he likes not the lady he shuts the door, and she is carried whither she came.

☞ "Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror." "Why so?" said the blushing lady. "Because you would be such a good-*looking-glass*."

Tom Thumb in Paris.

A Paris letter of the 9th says: "I must put upon record that I have this day had the honor of an interview with General Tom Thumb, Mrs. Thumb, the baby and the baby's aunt, Miss Minnie. I received a polite note from the General's private Secretary, intimating that although the public receptions were over, the 'family' would have pleasure in receiving myself and wife at a private interview. In a handsomedrawing-room, No. 95, on the first floor of the Hotel du Louvre, we found the interesting party. The only visitors besides ourselves were the Peruvian minister, with his wife and two ladies. The General, who has long been known in Europe, is in splendid health; his manners are affable and unaffected, and his toilette unexceptionable. His wife is really pretty, and like her Lilliputian sister, Miss Minnie, remarkably intelligent. But the lion of the party was the baby, a little girl twelve months old, looking the picture of health, and, without exaggeration, extremely beautiful. The face has nothing of the dwarf about it, but my observation that she looked as big as an ordinary child of her age was not approved by the secretary, who assured me that the weight was something very far below the average, and, lifting up the expensive lace frock, showed me her little feet in red morocco shoes, which are not larger than those of a moderate-sized doll. My inquiry whether the child was expected to grow up a dwarf met with the cautious answer that there was 'no precedent.' This is, I believe, true. There is, I am pretty sure, no instance of such a small couple as Tom Tumb and his wife having been the progenitors of a child. I venture to prophecy, however, that Miss Minnie Stratton (that is the name of the infant) will, if she lives to attain her majority, be nearer the ordinary size of mankind than that of her parents. I do not believe in the foundation of a race of pigmies."

INDECISION.—With regard to indecision Frederica Bremer writes thus: "How many occasions for doing good, in greater or less measures, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, Shall I, or shall I not? the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance."

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 9th St., Philadelphia. jan17-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. dec3-6teow

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 26 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best Furs at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS', Continental Hotel.

BEAUTY.

HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.00. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. jan14-4t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been rather more inquiry for Flour; sales 14,000 bbls at $9,75@10,25 for superfine; $10,75@11,25 for extras, and $11,37@12,25 for extra family, chiefly at $12 for good Western family. Rye Flour; sales at $8@9,25 ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is scarce at $5,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly; some 25,000 bus Wheat have been disposed of for milling at $2,65@2,70 for good and choice reds, and $2,75@3 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,73@1,75. Corn—About 18,000 bus sold at $1,68@1,70 for new yellow; old is quoted at $1,85. Oats, 24,000 bus, mostly Penna., brought 93@93c.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer. Dressed Hogs sell at $17 the 100 lbs and Mess Pork at $18@41. Beef moves off at $18@20 ₱ bbl for country and city mess, and $27@28 for Roof Hams. Bacon is firm. Hams comm and 19½@21c, the latter for prime sweet pickle and Shoulders 13½@14c ₱ lb. Lard—Sales at 23½@24½c for tierce and kegs at 25@27c. Butter is selling at 43@46c for Pennsylvania and western packed and roll, and 50@55 for choice lots, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is steady at 18@20c for western and New York State, and Eggs scarce at 46c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Market firmer. Sales of 300 bales at $1,20@1,33 for low to good middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are unsettled and dull.

BARK—We quote at No 1 Quercitron nominal at $42, and very dull. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX is quoted at 71@72c.

COAL—The market is very quiet. Prices ranging at $8,75@9,25 ₱ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm. Sales of 600 bags at 43@44c for Rio; 46@46½c for Laguayra, and 42½c for Cape, mostly cash.

FEATHERS continue dull at 60@63c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $4½@6, and Cranberries at $10@12 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit is scarce and high. Apples selling at 13@15c for common to choice; 20,000 lbs unpared Peaches, quarters, sold at 29@30c, and pared do at 37@40c ₱ lb.

HAY is selling at $30@31 ₱ ton for baled.

HOPS continue dull at 45@55c for new crop.

IRON—The market is very quiet and a small business only is done in Pig Metal at $50 for hard No 3, and $55@60, cash, for Forge.

LEAD—100 pigs Galena sold at $5 90 the 100 lbs.

OILS—Petroleum is unsettled; crude is quoted at 50@51c, and refined, in bond, at 71@75c; free Oil is firm and selling freely at 93@95c, as to quality.

PLASTER—We quote soft nominally at $4,50@4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE we quote at 12@12c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering; 500 bus were taken at $14,50@15,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is quoted $5@6,50 and Flaxseed at $2,90@3 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is nothing new in Brandy, Gin, or Rum. Whiskey is firm at $2,32@2,35.

SUGARS—Sales 2,000 hhds Cuba at 18½@22½c.

TALLOW—Sales at 17½@18c for city.

WOOL—The market is unsettled. Sales of 300,000 lbs are reported at $1@1,65 for fine and medium quality, mostly at $1@1,10. Pulled is worth 90@95c, and fub $1,10@1,15, with moderate sales. Yarns are steady.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $10 to 15,50 ₱ 100 lbs. 4000 Hogs at from $17 to 18 50 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—7000 head were disposed of at from 9 to 10½c ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $40 to 50 ₱ head.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

IS IT POSSIBLE that any soldier can be so foolish as to leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS? Whoever does so will deeply regret it. These medicines are the only certain cures for Bowel Complaints, Fevers, Sores and Scurvy. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1 40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.

The largest and best stock in the city, at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. jan14-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Dec., 1864, by W. L. Fuqua, Esq., Mr. G. W. McINTOSH to Mrs. BERNETTY JOHNSON, all of Trigg county, Ky.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN H. BATTEUR to Miss ELMIRA THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. DAVID GIBSON to Miss AMANDA SPELL.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN HIGH, Jr., to Miss ANNA KNOLL, both of this city.

On the 19th of June, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. SAMUEL A. GOODALL, of Carlisle, Pa., to Miss MARY J. WILHELM, of this city.

By the Rev. William W. Taylor, WILLIAM H. BURNS to Miss LOUISA, daughter of John W. Funk, both of this city.

On the 30th of Nov. by the Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, JOHN VAN DEUSEN to FRANCINA L. GRIFFITH, both of this city.

On the 29th of Dec., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, J. ELDEN SALTER, Esq., to Miss M. GINNIE BOWEN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, ROBERT M. BERESFORD, in his 80th year.

On the 3d instant, REBECCA S. BUNTING, in her 78th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. ELIZA B. GEIB, widow of the late Dr. Wm. Geib, in her 64th year.

On the 3d instant, MARGARET ALEXANDER, in her 49th year.

On the 2d instant, THOMAS W. BOSH, in his 26th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. ANN COLEMAN, aged 77 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN STONER, in his 68th year.

On the 1st instant, ALGERNON C. WILLARD, aged 25 years.

On the 30th of Dec., ELLEN WINTERS, in her 24th year.

On the 30th of Dec., JOSEPH WAYNE, Sr., in his 72d year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

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GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

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☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the style and title of

ADAMS & LEVIS,

For the purpose of transacting a general

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Oil, Telegraph and Express Company Stocks made a specialty.

Government Loans and Specie bought and sold.

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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos, in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of nobility." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly," and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50. jan14-4t

NEW BOOKS OF POPULAR MUSIC

For the Flute, Violin and Accordeon.

Winner's Excelsior Collection

FOR THE FLUTE, Price 75 cts.
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FOR THE ACCORDEON, Price 75 cts.

Each of these books contains nearly One Hundred and Fifty Popular Melodies, comprising Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Marches, Quicksteps, Redowas, Cotillons, Galops, Reels, Jigs, Hornpipes, Fancy Dances, etc. Copies will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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(A protected solution of the protoxide of iron) supplies the Blood with its *Vital Principle* or *Life Element*, Iron, thereby infusing

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A Pamphlet directing how to speedily RESTORE sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. dec10-13t

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The Subscription Books of the NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA PETROLEUM COMPANY will be closed positively on

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Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
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Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jan18-1y

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Magnifying 500 times, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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YOU CAN PROCURE OF ANY DRUGGIST in this city and vicinity, Dr. Tobias' VENETIAN LINIMENT. It is a sure and speedy cure for sore throat, headache, toothache, chronic rheumatism, colic, croups and pains in the limbs. We advise every one to give it a trial. The expense is a mere trifle—25 cents—and we are confident no person will ever be without it. Every family should have a bottle in the house in case of sudden accidents, such as cuts, burns, scalds, &c. Its pain-relieving qualities are miraculous. As for croup, it has saved hundreds; we have the certificates to prove it.

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$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

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SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$63
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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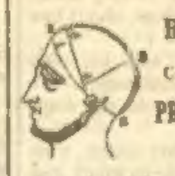

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

NOVELTY IN ART!

The art of dying the hair in five minutes so as to deceive the whole world, has been discovered.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which is the only chemical combination in existence which changes the color of the hair without injuring the LIVING PRINCIPLE which feeds, moistens and sustains the fibres.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE,

a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

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is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jan14-2teow

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—They expel the poisons which threaten life. Every time a sick person is purged by this vegetable remedy, he has lose vitiated humors and more life and vigor, as any one can prove by taking a single dose. Persons of spare habits gain flesh and strength while using them. Every time we rest a few days or weeks from the purgation, we make new fluids from our food, which replace the unsound ones that the Pills have caused to be evacuated. Each time we repeat this process, we expel further quantities of impurities, which are again replaced by fluids less and less impure, so that in a short time, by continuing this treatment, we bring back the whole mass of fluids or humors to that state of purity which constitutes health, for Brandreth's Pills only take away humors which are unsound.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

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A Real Pain Extractor.

It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals

OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,

&c., &c., as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a box. By mail 12 cents extra. Sold by J. P. DINSMORE,
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CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address
Drs BABCOCK & TOBIN,
oct8-3m 27 BOND Street, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE PRETTY MACHINE.

You may see them at work any time of the day;
Oh, what dainty perfection their movements display!
There's a rustling and swaying as onward they sweep,
And the dirt of the pavement before them they heap;
It's the finest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

They are simple in shape, they are easy to move,
And the walk of a city they vastly improve;
You may have them of silk, or barege, or delaine,
You may have them trimmed gally, or have them quite plain.
It's the neatest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

There are some who declare they demand too much room,
There are some who prefer, too, the old style of broom,
But all these are old fogies, who always cry down
Every bright innovation with anger and frown;
It's the nicest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

In what delicate folds round the owners they flow!
In what shimmering slopes to the pavement they go!
Where's the use of contractors for cleaning the streets,
When the job's neatly done by the fairies we meet?
It's the rarest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

A Sea Yarn.

A verdant son of the "auld sod," on his way to the land of "peace, plenty, and goold," was one day airing himself on the roof of the forward house, when he overheard two of the old salts, who were at work on deck, talking about the ship, and, among other things, about her waist.

"And, has the thing a waist?" said he, with a very innocent expression of countenance.

"Certainly," replied one of the old sea dogs, tipping the wink to the other.

"Well, now, I thought it mighty quare, whin I heard them calling a thing made in wood and iron, wid a man's name 'she;' and now, bedad, there's a waist on her."

Soon after this, meeting with head winds, they attempted to tack ship; this, on account of a heavy head sea, they could not do the first time, and the ship, as it is called, "missed in stays." Our friend, coming on deck, and seeing the business and confusion attendant on such occasions, was anxious to know "what was the matter?"

"Missed in stays," said the same gruff old tar, who had answered his former question.

"Missed her stays? Powers in mud, what next? Why she must be a living thing. What a tundherin' flurry she's in when she misses the stays aff her waist. Well, av her stays is aff her waist, her waist must be loose. Arrah, captain dear, av ye want the waist tightened, Muckinnany's the boy that can pull a rope."

Enlightening the Minister.

"I was preaching, one evening," writes a clerical friend who relishes a good thing richly, "from the passage in the history of Moses where he with his two friends, Aaron and Hur, were standing upon a hill and beholding a battle between Israel and Amelek. My text was, 'Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands;' and I argued the duty of the people to hold up the hands of their minister, from the example of these good men of old, who thus supported Moses.

"On my way homeward from church, one of the leading men of my parish joined me, and after expressing his great satisfaction in my discourse, begged leave to suggest one point that I had quite overlooked.

"'Ah!' said I, 'and what can that be?'

"'I mean,' he answered, 'the powerful argument in favor of female influence.'

"'I confess,' said I, 'that I do not perceive that the subject is hinted at; how do you discover it, my dear sir?'

"'Why, does it not read,' said he, with some surprise, 'that Aaron and her held up his hands?' I suppose the woman helped as much as the man.'"

Too Smart a Boy.—A friend tells the following, which we consider a "good 'un." Being in a mechanic's shop the other day, an urchin came in, his dress covered with mud. His father instantly observing his dirty plight, said to him:

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"

The boy stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very soberly asked:

"Father, what am I made of?"

"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.'"

"Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

"William! go down stairs and get some wood. Start!"

A Novel Telegram.—A gentleman lately travelling to Hector, N. Y., and having a trunk containing much fragile material, writes the following to his son in this city, announcing his safe arrival:—"Bones, Breeches, Bottles, and Bundles, without a Break, Bruise, Bang, or Batter."

☞ A gentleman writing from Paris, says he has witnessed an exhibition of a system of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak. A little girl, the earliest who had received tuition, was able to speak a few sentences in French. The pupils are taught by means of the hand alphabet to form their mouth and place their tongue in a certain position, and when once they get the right sound, by encouragement they retain it for future use.

☞ An instance of the demoralizing effects of the war has just come to us: Two boys in Mississippi, aged 9 and 11, respectively, found a drunken man the other day and deliberately sawed his leg off with an old rusty handsaw! It was thought the poor unfortunate could never recover—his leg, which was of wood.

PRETTY INNOCENT!

Miss Muff.—"Please, sir, I want to be married."

Registrar.—"Quite right. What's his name?"

Miss Muff.—"Please, sir, I don't know. I thought yours was like every other registry office—I put my name on your books, and you find somebody who wants me."

[*The Registrar immediately left town, and has not been seen since.*

The Fall on the Ice.

How singularly acquaintances are made in this life! And how often it happens that those with whom you have no sort of tie, whom it seems improbable that you can ever know intimately, yet with whom you feel an inward, inexplicable sympathy, suddenly confront you in out-of-the-way places, are linked to you by some freak of fortune, and become to you friends who stick closer than brothers! So it was with the Munters and me. It must now be ten years since I was at a certain watering-place, where I daily saw an apparition which moved me marvellously. Every day at a certain hour there was wheeled along the promenade, in a comfortable Bath chair, a lady in apparently the bloom of life and strength and beauty; never woman had more glorious hair, more lovely eyes, more healthily brilliant complexion; her forehead was white, and broad, and intellectual; her light brown hair lay in two smooth, simple bands upon it; her expression was full of sweetness and intelligence; but there fell from time to time upon her face an air of pensive sadness. One did not at first understand why one so agile (to all appearance) should prefer to be wheeled along, or why one for whom all seemed to be bright should have those clouds of sadness; but, almost concealed by the apron of her chair and the folds of her shawl, two crutches were visible at her side: and her mode of exercise was explained, her air of sadness was comprehensible. The tall, strong-looking man who walked behind or beside her chair, who leaned over her whenever it was stopped, and who tended her with infinite tenderness, found his services as pioneer or guardian in the crowded promenade a sinecure; all made way for her with respectful alacrity; the man who wheeled her chair assumed an air of authority and appeared to be engaged in a labor of love, or rather in a position of honor which he would not recede from in any other man's favor for even pecuniary considerations. I would myself have gladly paid current coin to take his place for half-an-hour, but I fear he would have refused to listen to me had there been no other impediment to the arrangement. Sometimes, she would leave her chair and with one arm-crutch and one hand-crutch, limp to a bench and thence enjoy the bustling scene of lively promenaders, and watch the fleet of pleasure-boats go dancing out to sea. Even heartless wits who lounged about and joked at weal or woe had the grace to own her loveliness; they called her "l'ange boiteux," or "the angel on two sticks," when they used familiar English.

But holidays are short for such as I am, and after having had my daily walks both cheered and saddened—but not unpleasantly saddened by that vision of beauty to which misfortune only added a touching charm, my fortnight's rest from labor was over. I departed and left behind me my "angel on two sticks." Yet now and then for two years' afterwards fate sent her limping across my path at the strangest times, in the most unexpected manner, and in the most unlikely places; her visits, as those of angels, whether they be on two sticks or on none, are said always to be—were few and far between, but I felt an unaccountable sense of relief whenever I saw her drawn by in her chair, with the sweet, sad smile on her placid face, and the tall, strong man striding along beside her. In the third year after my first encounter with the "angel on two sticks," and the tall, strong man, the smiles of fortune were directed towards me. There is (or was) on the coast of Suffolk, a quiet watering-place unknown to fame, but known to me, and by me called Happybeach. There the air is refreshing above all air; there the sands are broad and smooth above all sands; there the bathing is easy above all bathing; and there the life is (or was) peaceful above all life. Whither, then, could placid angels better resort? But, forasmuch, as it is (or was) unknown, and unfashionable, not many vehicles were drawn up at the nearest railway station for the convenience of visitors to Happybeach. On a day, therefore, or rather in an evening, it fell out that I, being on my way to Happybeach, and having arrived at the nearest station, and, knowing the peculiarities of the place, had dispatched a porter before the train stopped to engage me one of the flys, of which it was not probable there would be more than two. Wherefore I felt easy in my mind, and took my time looking after my luggage, which, when I had collected, I walked in a leisurely manner to my fly, just in time to hear the driver say, "Very sorry, indeed, sir, but I really *am* engaged, and 'ere comes the porter as engaged me;" and the gentlemen to whom he spoke was the tall, strong man whom I had seen bending over a certain Bath chair, and by the tall man's side stood my "angel on two sticks." What need of many words? The fly, of course, was at their service; they managed to give me a seat; acquaintance commenced; it ripened into friendship; and for five years I was more intimate with no one than with the Munters. Now it happened that I had often been in Munter's sanctum or study to smoke the hurtful weed, and as often I had found my eyes rivetted on a glass case, beneath which was the prettiest boot I ever saw. That boot puzzled me, I confess, but I didn't like to seek its history, and it was a long while before I ventured to ask if I might take it in my hands. "Oh! certainly," said Munter; and I took it reverently and examined it carefully. It certainly *was* the prettiest boot I ever saw; it had been much worn, evidently; and there were queer seams all over it, as if it had been cut, and then sewn up again. I made some remark to that effect, and Munter assented, but offered no explanation; so I abstained from asking what might have been unpleasant questions. However, when we rejoined Mrs. Munter in her room, Munter said: "Blank has been admiring your boot, Mary, but he can't account for the seams." Then a lovely flush spread over Mrs. Munter's face, and a rapturous smile played over her lips as she looked at her husband with eager eyes, and said, "May I tell him the story, George? You know he is not like a common friend." "Oh! by all means," replied Munter, half playfully, half bitterly; and Mrs. Munter turned to me, and in soft, low tones, with frequent glances of affection towards her husband, spoke as follows: "You must know that George was silly enough to fall in love with me when I was only eighteen. I was then as active as a cat; I was always walking, riding, skating, or taking some kind of exercise; and I didn't care a bit about George. Moreover, I was engaged to be married" (here George looked a little gloomy, but she looked brighter and fonder than ever as she gazed steadily in his face) "to a very rich man, much handsomer than George" (glancing archly, but more fondly than before, towards him). "Well, I had a bad fall on the ice, and (tapping her crutch) you see the result. George carried me off the ice, George cut my boot from my foot; and when I had recovered my spirits sufficiently to think about such matters, and inquired what had become of my boot, it appeared that Master George had said he supposed such a thing, all ripped to pieces, would be of no use, and had made a pretence of throwing it away. But the sly old fox had taken it away, had had it carefully stitched up, and had preserved it just as you have seen it in his study. Never mind how I found it all out" (here she threw a tender glance at George), "but it all came out one afternoon, when" (here her voice grew slightly tremulous) "it turned out that my rich lover didn't like crippled women, but that stupid George liked them better than sound ones." It is impossible to give an idea of the mingled sadness, bitterness, and fondness with which she spoke the last sentence; and then she added, with sudden sprightliness, "So, now, sir, you know all the mystery about the boot." What I have said is all I have to say, and if any delicate-minded person objects that Mr. and Mrs. Munter are likely to be hurt by my revelation of their private affairs, I think I need only observe that amongst the head-stones at Kensal Green the objector would perhaps find my justification, even had I not been careful in disguising names.

R. B.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Work for January.

The first business in order is to settle up all outstanding accounts. Farmers have the reputation generally of being a prompt-paying class, but it is often a convenience for them to have open accounts with their neighbors. The blacksmith, the wheelwright, the store-keeper, and the shoemaker, have done various jobs or furnished supplies for the family, and have had corn, oats, potatoes and hay in return, so that accounts are very nearly balanced, but this should not be considered a good reason for neglecting a full and final settlement at the beginning of the year. If there are any little bills due they should be made out and presented for payment, and then all little debts which have been incurred during the year can be paid with the proceeds. With a little more care and attention in collecting and paying out, a very small sum of money can be made to settle a great many bills, and close a great many outstanding accounts, which, if suffered to get old and musty, are apt to cause a great deal of trouble and ill-feeling sometimes. Of course in the general settlements, the printer will be remembered, and with the little sums due him from all parts of the country, he will be able to pay promptly all his bills, and make the paper more interesting to its readers.

The snow has made good sledding, and there are few farmers to whom it has not proved a blessing. To say nothing of the advantage to the future crops of grass and winter grain, of a good fall of snow before the severe cold weather fairly sets in, the farmer experiences a great benefit in the facility which it affords of getting his crops to market. It is of little consequence now how rough and uneven the by-roads may be which lead to the swamps and wood lots, for the snow has evened up the inequalities where the wheels used to stick in the mud, and the oxen can draw great loads at a lively pace to such a point as will be convenient for future use or sale.

The difference between profitable and unprofitable labor, consists in a great measure in the facility with which a person sees how all the little changing circumstances of every day life may be made to assist him in doing more work, or doing it better within a given time.

Talking about snow, reminds us to suggest that the luxury of ice in the warm season, is one which no farmer can afford to dispense with. With a few boards and shingles, and a cord or two of saw-dust or tan, any person who can use hammer, axe and saw, may make his own ice-house; and two or three days labor with hired man and team, will suffice to gather a crop sufficient for the largest family during the whole warm season. Besides the comfort and convenience of having plenty of ice always accessible, there is an economy in it which no prudent farmer should forego, as he will be enabled to preserve many articles of food until wanted for the use of the family, which in the sultry hearts of summer would otherwise be wasted.

We have had but few days of severe cold weather as yet, but we suppose the old proverb that "As the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," will ere long prove true, of the present season. As yet the frost has not penetrated our barn cellars so as to prevent the working over of manure, and there will not be a more favorable time for hauling out all that is sufficiently composted while the sledding lasts to the fields where it will be wanted in the spring. Every day's labor of this kind performed in January, will save a day's labor in planting time, and be so much clear gain in the season when the teams will be taxed to their utmost capacity.

Too much care cannot be taken of the stock at this season. Feed the poorest hay when the appetite is the sharpest, and do not neglect to have salt within reach of all the animals of the farm, not excepting the pig; for it increases the appetite, promotes digestion, and conduces to health and thrift.

In stormy or very cold days the vegetables in the cellar should be attended to, and all rotten or decayed ones removed at once. If the potatoes were not assorted when dug, it is well to do it in this month, and remove those of medium size for seed. The small ones should not be saved for that purpose, but should be given to the calves or poultry.

Speaking of poultry, reminds us to say that potatoes boiled and mixed with meal, while hot, are a better egg-producing food in winter than either corn or meal, and that at the present price of eggs it is worth while to take especial pains to have a supply, and that warmth is as essential as food.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Clean Carved Ivory.—Wash with white soap and water, not very warm, and after rinsing it by pouring cold water over it, wipe it slightly with a soft cloth, and place it in the sun to dry; its color will be quite restored, as the rays of the sun have a bleaching effect upon it.

Salve for Frost Bites.—The following is said to be the receipt for Wahler's Frost Salve, so long known and valued in Germany, but the receipt for which has been kept secret till recently purchased by the government of the kingdom of Wurtemburg, and made public:—Twenty-four ounces mutton tallow, twenty-four ounces hog's lard, four ounces peroxyde of iron (red iron rust) four ounces Venice turpentine, two ounces oil of bergamot, two ounces bole armenian, rubbed to a paste with olive oil. Heat together the tallow, lard, and iron rust, in an iron vessel, stirring with an iron spoon constantly till the mass assumes a perfectly black color; then add gradually the other ingredients, stirring till well mixed. It is applied upon linen, daily, and its effect upon even the most painful frost sores is most extraordinary. In all probability, for other wounds it would also be an excellent application.

Sharpening Edge Tools.—The following is translated from a German scientific journal:—"It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and, after a few hours, set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of wet-stone, by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further than a good polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly-hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained."

Lemon Gingerbread.—Grate the rind of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger, and quarter of an ounce of cayenne pepper.

Cream Pie (*fine.*)—Half a pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

Ginger Lozenges.—Mix with white of eggs, four ounces of powdered ginger, two pounds of white sugar, and one pound of starch.

☞ When Zeno was told it was disgraceful for a philosopher to be in love, he replied, "If that be true, the fair sex are much to be pitied, for they would receive the attention only of fools.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 67 letters.
My 11, 14, 31, 58, 43, 22, 65, 5, 12, 15, is to make clear.
My 3, 23, 42, 6, 42, is an adverb.
My 62, 50, 26, is the name of a tree.
My 36, 55, 10, 17, 49, is good to eat.
My 45, 66, 44, 43, 40, 37, 20, 58, 43 is the name of a flower.
My 21, 61, 51, 33, 21, 24, 9, is an article of furniture.
My 16, 7, 20, 15, 24, 53, 19, 59, 42, is the name of a popular English writer.
My 1, 40, 9, 24, 5, 6, 16, 39, is the chief of a sacred order.
My 30, 39, 46, 21, 38, are what we all wear.
My 63, 64, 13, is to know.
My 2, 65, 16, is a sea-fish.
My 27, 57, 56, 52, 5, 66, is a kind of shoe.
My 4, 44, 22, 13, 34, is essential to salvation.
My 60, 47, 25, 67, was a "poet of the poor."
My 8, 7, 18, 50, 54, 29, 28, 35, 62, signifies non-existence.
My whole is a couplet from Shakspeare.

Philadelphia. RENA RUSKINE.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in found, and also in missed.
My 2d is in killed, and also in kissed.
My 3d is in hall, and also in stable.
My 4th is in cloth, and also in table.
My 5th is in hole, sticking out quite plain.
My 6th is in cottage, and also in domain.
My 7th is in lift, and also in fall.
My 8th is in sweet tasting, and also in gall.
My 9th is in women, and also in men.
My 10th is in open, and also in pen.
My 11th is in pillage, and also in spare.
My 12th not in ugly, but always in fair.
My 13th is in cannon, and also in ball.
My 14th is not in answer, but I'm sure it's in fall.
My 15th is in ball, but not in cry.
My 16th is not in dead, but you'll find it in "dye."
My 17th is in go, and also in gone."
My 18th is in muslin, and also in lawn."
My whole furnishes a sad episode in the history of the present war. CHAL.

Woodsfield, O.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A forest tree.
An important city of Russia.
A garden.
An uniform fluid.
An ancient Anglo-Saxon coin.
A liquor.
My initials and finals form the names of two of the United States. S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of nut.
My second is a very bitter substance.
My whole is a province of Asia.

Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

Cut into half an outlaw's name,
My first to you it will explain,
My second, turn it oft about,
Is always the reverse of out.
My whole, when winter chills the gale,
And spreads his mantle o'er the vale,
Will come a soft and shivering guest,
And though no crime lodge in his breast,
A stain of guilt, you there may trace
An ancient emblem of his race. M. S.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body being projected up an inclined plane, was observed to describe 868.5 inches during the two first seconds of its motion. The height of the plane being ⅓ of its length, required the distance it goes until motion ceases, and the time from beginning of motion.

REUBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

A Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find 3 numbers such that each of them being severally subtracted from the cube of their sums, the 3 remainders may be cubes.

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find 3 such cube numbers whose sum may be both a square and cube number; and if that sum be squared be a cube; also, if cubed, shall be a square. GILL BATES.

Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which tree is nearest the sea? Ans.—Beech.

☞ Which is the busiest tree? Ans.—Medlar.

☞ Which is the chronologist's tree? Ans.—Date.

☞ Which is the tree that is clad the warmest? Ans.—Fir.

☞ Which is the mourning tree? Ans.—Willow.

☞ Which is the tree that your hunger will supply? Ans.—Bread.

☞ Which is the tree that to travel invites you? Ans.—Orange (O! range.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Elephant. ENIGMA—Horatio Nelson. RIDDLE—The letter A. CHARADE—Manhattan. CHARADE—Morpheus, (Moore, fee, us.) RIDDLE—W. F. Fessenden.

Answer to W. Sively's PROBLEM, published Nov. 5th:—23 acres, 70 perches.—R. Barto and M. Stevens.

Answer to James M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Nov. 5th:—Length of the bisecting lines, 480,848 and 821,836 rods. Distance from each residence to the well, 867,264 rods. Area of similar triangle, 2 acres 150,505 perches.—Reuben Barto and Morgan Stevens.